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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Silk Stockings and Literature

SILK stockings, we are credibly informed, constitute the largest single item in the budgets of a group of industrial workers recently assembled in one of the summer schools for working girls which are happily springing up throughout the country. Out of a meager wage, ranging from thirteen to twenty dollars a week, $40 a year on an average is expended for the kind of hosiery that not so long ago was considered the appurtenance only of the woman of fashion. Whatever else factory girls may forego, they must have their silk stockings. Fashion, of course, the mere unwillingness of the individual to be different from his fellows, has much to do with this. Matrimony has more. For silk stockings spell attraction; they are part of the trappings of the maiden in search of a lover just as cosmetics and the low voice that is good in woman and the fringed lashes of the novelist are.

> But not alone in the silken snare
> Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
> For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
> She tied a young man's heart within.

Poor feminity! It is wedded to and through silk stockings.

Silk stockings moreover are romance. They are that bit of luxury clad in which our lady goes not only to the factory, but to visions of herself in a world she otherwise glimpses only through the eyes of the novelist. They are part and parcel of the same instinct that makes possible the syndication throughout the newspapers of the country of serials that the adult intelligence regards as puerile, the enormous sales of books remarkable for nothing but inanity, the circulation of magazines resplendent with portrayals of a social world impossibly romanticized. They represent the same impulse that in the male takes the form of a liking for tales of adventure, of business success, of physical prowess. Such writings indeed are merely the silk stockings of literature, the stuff on which cabined mankind escapes from the dingy routine of existence.

If this be so, silk stockings, whether material or figurative, are perhaps not wholly to be deprecated, but indeed rather to be carefully encouraged. We would not be understood as advocating false extravagance either in living or ruminating, but neither can we contemplate a world bereft of its silk stockings. So far as the silk stockings of literature are concerned it is not their stuff, but their substance that is to be deplored. They are such flimsy things, so unsubstantial, so little to be trusted for general service. They start a run at exactly the wrong moment, and tear at the heels at the very instant that a journey is in prospect. But what is to be done about it?

Taste, of course, is bred in the reader by habit; few of us are born to it. But we are all born to a desire for happiness, and must live by our dreams as well as by bread. Therefore if we are not by training equipped to distinguish the spurious from the genuine we take the meretricious when it is given us if that furnishes the escape from the dreariness of the commonplace which in some way we must find. The trash that is devoured by the undiscriminating many is not read because it is trash, but because through it they enter into that realm of the longed for where life is not what it is, but what they would wish it to be. The people want a literature of escape; true. But they do not demand that it be an unsubstantial literature. They demand that it give vicarious indulgence to their desires, and if perchance it be good as well as buoyant they will not cavil at its qualities. There is advantage in silk stockings, only they must be good silk stockings.

The Unbeseechable

(*To be set to music*)

By FRANCES CORNFORD

TIME stands still
With gazing on her face,"
Sang Dowland to his lute,
Full of courtly grace.

Now that his musician's face
And her face are dust,
Still I cry, stand still:
Still cry I must.

Stand still, Time,
Hold, hold your pace;
Stiller stand than the smile
On Pharaoh's face.

Stiller than December's frost
That takes the heart with wonder,
Or the pause that comes between
Lightning and Thunder.

Time, stand still,
Hush now your tread,
Stiller, stiller than a room
Where lies the sheeted dead.

Where, though it's busy noon,
Naught comes or goes;
Where the tree of endless peace
To the ceiling grows.

O Time, Time—
Stark and full of pain
Why drag me into space,
A dog upon a chain?

I who would float with you,
A ship sailing white,
Who cannot tell which power is hers,
And which the wind's delight.

So my refreshèd soul
Time would adore,
If for one moment's breath
Time were no more.

But, with Dowland's broken lute
And his forgotten rhyme,
Still I cry, Stand still,
Stand still, Time.

This Week

"The Noble Savage."
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"Leonardo the Florentine."
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Next Week, or Later

"Emily Jane Brontë."
Reviewed by *Mary M. Colum.*

Man's Natural State

By CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

THE conception of human progress is, no doubt, as old as recorded history itself. For history consists in setting facts down in order, and order implies the existence of a pattern or a plan, a philosophy or a goal by which the facts are arranged. History is the account of the changes wrought by man in the natural world and in the society of which he is a member, and any consideration of such changes can hardly avoid the question whether they have been advantageous to him or unprofitable. In short, the historian is concerned with standards and must be watchful of results. He either approves or dislikes the movements and changes with the record of which he has concerned himself. In spite of every effort to be merely mechanical, he reveals himself as a radical or a conservative, a modernist or a Tory. If, for example, he conceives of history as the progressive release of mankind from the shackles of tyranny, if civilization seem to him the onward-moving caravan of Freedom, then he must ask himself what the final result of all this change and progress is to be.

If, on the other hand, his sentiments are conservative, and he reads the story of mankind as a gradual corruption and a decline in power, physical and spiritual, then the historian must not only specify the causes which have brought these misfortunes about, but may properly be asked to describe that high estate from which man has fallen. How can we recover lost blessings unless we know what they were, and what they were worth to those who enjoyed them? If we are to "return" to nature or to any state of things preferable to that we know, we must be made acquainted with it in considerable detail.

Nor will the wise reader cavil with the historian if, in describing that former and better age, he lends to his pages a glow that can be supplied only by the imagination. He will hardly make us believe in the superiority of the civilization he depicts unless his own emotions are stirred by the thought of it. We rightly resent the presumption of a historian who asks our attention for a subject with which he is coldly unconcerned.

There is an emblem of the cynicism and frivolity of our age in the attitude that is commonly taken nowadays towards the ancient myth of the Garden of Eden. To us the august legend of Adam and Eve, the Tree of Knowledge and the Serpent at its foot is a slightly comic thing. We must not be asked to be over-serious about it. Yet it was the theme of Dante and of Milton, the inspiration of a thousand painters, the most nearly universal story in the literature of the world, embalming the ancient wisdom of the east, yet set forth in so simple a form as to be food for babes. We fancy that we have laid it aside as inconsistent with that stern view of history which permits no intrusion of the imaginative faculty. Yet the very generation which can make nothing of the doctrine of the fall revels in imaginary "reconstructions" of the Neolithic age, and pitilessly idealizes the Cro-Magnon man. The constructive imagination is permitted to play over Neanderthal, but hardly over the Vale of Eden.

It is small wonder that the Noble Savage, whose majestic form fascinated the world from the days of the idealized Redskin down to the "strong, silent man" of the 'nineties, has fared but little better than our first parents. His latest biographer regretfully concludes that, since the child of Nature has

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been deprived of his philosophical significance, he has become "a mere outworn fad." Alas, poor Indian! "The evolutionary conception of Man," says Professor Fairchild, "makes it more and more difficult to regard primitive beings as ideal."* Yet it was precisely because the fall of Adam and Eve was offensive to the Deist doctrine of the dignity of man that the Noble Savage and his simple life came into prominence to vindicate it. The Christian conception of sin makes it impossible to regard any man (save one) as ideal. All have sinned and come short of the glory that had once been freely given to man. Against this harsh representation of human nature there was set up by explorers, philosophers, poets, and novelists the figure of man in a natural state, healthy, happy (without knowing why), and as virtuous as need be, adequate to the task of living a life in a beautiful and salubrious world that had not yet been contaminated by civilization and its deceitful luxuries. In the scientific patter of our own day, this creature was harmoniously adjusted to his environment.

* * *

Whether the Noble Savage had at any moment an actual existence is hardly an important question. His existence in our dreams must be accounted for. Why have the stories of Deerslayer and Hiawatha, Ramona, Mowgli, and even Tarzan had power to cast a spell over the hearts of men and women? A figure that has flourished in the literature of Europe from the days of John Dryden down to the present time must respond in some way to a lasting demand of our nature. Why, even as we perfect our mechanisms and make life ever more comfortable and our houses and offices ever more convenient, do we long to have done with it all, and sink back into the arms of Nature, far from the noise and confusion which we have created to disguise our innate dignity? We cannot escape from the Noble Savage by going to the lemur and the chimpanzee for light on our nature. The dogma of Evolution is of no help; for if the history of man is an orderly development from protoplasm to Pericles, we must then inquire at what point in this long development he exactly fits the norm, so that we may say, "This is [illegible] anthropologists aspire to [illegible] answer questions such as this, or the philosophers of a future age will laugh them to scorn. Did man perform the characteristic human act at the moment when, descending from the trees, he first walked upright, or when "talking to himself"—again the patter of our own day—his grunts became the index of some mental image, and articulate speech began? or was it at the moment when, by cutting blazes on the forest trees, he unwittingly initiated the art of writing; or when, having become gregarious, he congregated with his kind in villages? or when, conceiving of "rights," he first claimed as his own a female or a captive or a plot of ground, and so became a man of property? Which, if any, of these is the state of which we may roughly say, "This is the typically human condition"? But if none of these can be held to represent that state, then, in the name of Common Sense or Science or any other modern deity, what is that state? What, in a word, is Man?

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The Noble Savage was, I repeat, the answer to this question. It must be possible to define and illustrate the place of man in nature. Somewhere there must be a creature as "harmoniously adjusted to his environment" as is a fish to the sea or a fowl to the air. The attempt to discover such a being, the attempt, lacking that, to define what such a creature would ideally be, is a noble attempt, as noble as any other effort to think clearly. That the resulting conception of the Child of Nature glowed with color and poetry and wore a halo of philosophical light (deistical in kind) is no more a charge against it than it is a charge against Plato to say that he employed elevated language when he set forth his idea of

> the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

What, then, were the characteristics which were supposed to mark the true child of Nature, living according to her simple law? It is not difficult to enumerate some of them, though it is obviously impossible to cover the subject at all adequately. In the first place, then, the favorite sons of Nature were conceived as passing their lives in the midst of scenes of rude, but most magnificent grandeur. They are at home upon the rugged mountainside, the sternness of which is wrought into the very fabric of their being. This natural home they love as an infant loves its mother, intensely but unconsciously. Its very storms and perils are dear to them. Their minds are attuned to eloquence, for they know the voice of the mountain cataract and the breath of the eternal forest. Yet though familiar with the dim recesses of the woods, they are not mere *silvatici*, for the forest is hostile to society, and the child of Nature, though much alone, does not flee from his own kind.

These children of the great Mother live in tribal groups large enough to hold the few essential blessings of civilization which beget no luxury or love of pleasure. A certain rudeness is, indeed, inseparable from life according to Nature, since it protects man's original endowment of physical strength and develops his power to endure pain. The members of this society are of course all related to one another by ties of birth or marriage, and they are imbued with a loyalty known only to those who are of one blood. Though the individual passes much of his time in solitude, hunting, grazing his flocks, or tilling the soil, he is easily re-united to the clan, which, in case of attack from without, acts as a body. The most awful punishment that can befall a member of the clan—a punishment more dreaded than death itself—is separation from it, since banishment or exile deprives him not of life, but of the means by which life has been possible for him. He sinks to the plane of the outlaw, whose hand is against every man, and whose life in the depths of forest or marsh becomes an object of horror and a theme for strange legends.

* * *

Over this clan presides a king, at once both priest and governor, who is regarded by all not as king at all but as the common father of his people. He embodies the virtue and the characteristics of the tiny nation, and stores in memory the ancient traditions and history of his people. He executes justice with a word, and tolerates no rival, but is assisted in his office by a band of counsellors, usually aged men like himself, who represent the individual interests of the tribe. James Thomson puts into the mouth of Liberty herself the following lines to summarize the government of primitive folk:

> These, as increasing families disclos'd
> The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
> Few were offences, properties, and laws.
> Beneath the rural portal, palm o'erspread,
> The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
> With reason then and equity the same,
> Free as the common air her prompt decree;
> Nor yet had stained her sword with subject's blood.

Wordsworth goes farther, and asserts that primitive man, disdaining only his God,

> Confess'd no law but what his reason taught,
> Did all he wish'd, and wish'd but what he ought.

The virtues which flower in this simple society are loyalty to one's people, courage in warfare, dignity of demeanor, chastity, and veracity. If thrown with strangers, the children of Nature display an austere courtesy, acknowledge any favors that they may receive in simple but fitting words; if visitors press the claims of a more artificial civilization, they are heard with interest, often with eagerness, but the accounts carry no conviction to their heart. The absence of "forms" releases the natural dignity of man, and lends to him

> The eye sublime and surly lion-grace,

but the very artlessness of his deportment constitutes in itself a certain ceremoniousness.

Among these people the arts are not unknown. In their abundant leisure they amuse themselves with dances, communal singing and balladry, telling old tales and narrating the glorious history of the clan. Skill in such tribal arts is a common possession by which he shares his joys in company and refreshes himself in solitude. Wordsworth describes the primitive mountaineer as having his flute in hand no less than his sword. The written word hardly exists among them, and poetry is not yet regarded as the exclusive possession of bard or minstrel, though from the beginning one among the number is generally recognized as having more skill in singing than the rest, is naturally assigned to a position of leadership and comes to be regarded as in a peculiar sense the representative of the art among them.

Such, in rough outline, is that group-life "according to nature" which delighted the imagination of the eighteenth century. It is not the creation of philosophers and historians, but rather of poet, painter, returned explorers, students of the Greek classics (particularly Theocritus), and visitors to the remoter parts of Italy and the East. The vagueness of the picture should not blind the reader to its importance. *Un rêve est parfois moins trompeur qu'un document.* It is such dreams that waken the emotions and persuade the minds of men, under the influence of which they adopt a faith, and become crusaders. The dream of the sufficiency of man's natural state merged with the vision of man's perfectibility and thus profoundly influenced the hearts and actions of men in two continents. At one moment the Corsicans, at another the Swiss mountaineers, at another the Americans were looked to as those who might realize the glories of Liberty in isolation. As late as the third decade of the nineteenth century, Lord Byron's dreams of such a society were stimulated by America no less than by Tahiti; he could apostrophize George Washington as the Cincinnatus of the West, and envy the children of Daniel Boone, that "sylvan tribe of children of the chase."

> And tall and strong and swift of foot were they,
> Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
> Because their thoughts had never been the prey
> Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions;
> No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
> No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
> Simple were they, not savage.

With this life the poet proceeds to contrast the joys of civilization and the "sweet consequence of large society":

> War—pestilence—the despot's desolation,
> The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,
> The millions slain by soldiers for their ration.

It is interesting to trace this dream as it manifests itself in the literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It is found in no less realistic a type than the novel of the eighteenth century, in the gipsies of "Tom Jones," in the redskins of "Humphry Clinker" and in the dancing peasants of "The Sentimental Journey." It appears in Wordsworth's sonnets on liberty, in Coleridge and Southey's plan of a "panti-socratic" society on the banks of the Susquehanna, and in Byron's idealization of the Highlands of Scotland, the islands of the South Seas, and the mountains of Albania. Three quarters of a century before, William Collins had localized the dream in the island of Saint Kilda, Thomas Gray in Lapland and in Chile, and Samuel Johnson, under the conduct of James Boswell, had looked for it in the Hebrides. Upon their return from these western islands, Boswell wrote in his journal:

> We had a pleasing conviction of the commodiousness of civilization, and heartily laughed at the ravings of those absurd visionaries who have attempted to persuade us of the superior advantages of a *state of nature*.

Those who are amused by the ramifications of this subject will find a compendium of material in Professor Fairchild's book.

But more significant than all this is the survival among us to-day of this wonder-working dream. When the people of the United States tell themselves that they have been set down in this western world to work out a glorious liberty for mankind in splendid isolation from the political intrigues of Europe, they betray themselves as still under the spell of "Nature's simple plan." When we assert that the ranks of the common people may be transformed over night into an invincible army to defend the nation from invaders, we are true to the ancient dream of uncorrupted man as adequate to all tasks that nature will impose upon him. The democratic theory of government by representatives is itself only a development of an article in the ancient creed. The exodus of the American people from the cities out into the heart of the woods or the vast "open spaces"—the wilder the better—is an eloquent testimony to the necessity of a Return to Nature. In truth we are the lineal descendants of the Noble Savage, and cannot easily rid ourselves of the heritage.

If now we must lay aside the doctrine and the dream of Primitivism with what, it may be inquired, shall we replace them? To strive to get along without them is to toss rudderless upon a stormy sea; for at bottom all inquiry into man's natural estate resolves itself into the question whether man is capable

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* THE NOBLE SAVAGE. A Study in Romantic Naturalism. By H. N. FAIRCHILD. New York: Columbia University Press. 1928.

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of progress. If we hold with the primitivists that in the "state of nature," man lived in perfect harmony with his world and therefore with the Great Power behind the world, then obviously there is hope for man. The process of perfectibility is in a return to Nature, and the romanticists were right. If, on the other hand, we contend with Christianity that man is a fallen creature, but susceptible of improvement by means of divine grace, then again there is hope for mankind. But if, rejecting both systems, we put our faith in science and the accumulation of facts, we discover in time that science is incapable of descrying the goal towards which we are moving or the ultimate significance of that evolution of which we are a part. Our national life, no less than our artistic life, languishes for the lack of a fundamental philosophy capable of telling us what is our nature and what our destiny. We are bewildered by the civilization with which we have surrounded ourselves and gasp at the power which is hurling us onward along a path whose direction and whose goal we do not dare to guess. And in the midst of our physical comfort and our mechanical toys we smile derisively at the ascetic dream of the child of nature, simple and austere, possessing few things, and thereby made strong, and acknowledging no wants save those which nature taught him to supply.

Natural Men

THE NOBLE SAVAGE, A STUDY IN ROMANTIC NATURALISM. By HOXIE NEALE FAIRCHILD. New York: Columbia University Press. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by FREDERICK A. POTTLE

BOSWELL once said that though all the world was given to building air-castles, only he ever tried to live in one. He was strangely mistaken. To confuse poetry with life was the prevailing heresy of the romantics of his own generation, as it has been of romantics ever since. "Classical" poets "imitated nature," but they knew well enough that what they had constructed was not life but something that gave the illusion of life. Poets from the beginning of time have sung of the Golden Age and the Garden of Eden, but it was not until the eighteenth century that they began seriously to confuse the idealism of art with the idealism of practical reform. Milton's Adam, after having been shown from the mount of vision all the ills in store for his wretched progeny, was assured that there was hope sufficient unto even such evils; it was for man so to align himself with God's purpose as to build within himself "an Eden happier far" that the blissful seat from which he had been expelled. If "Paradise Lost" had been written by the young Shelley, Michael would almost certainly have told Adam that if his children would only strip off their clothes and eat vegetables they might have back their original Eden whenever they chose. Such an attitude is "romantic naturalism"; it presents as a model for the regeneration of humankind a "natural man" or "noble savage" who is really only the projection of poetic idealism on a void concerning which Europeans were either comfortably ignorant or pleasantly misinformed.

Professor Fairchild has written the fullest and most useful account yet attempted of the Noble Savage in all his varieties—red, black, brown, and white. Although he disclaims the expectation of being read by any save teachers and scholars, he has perhaps hoped to be disappointed, for his book, though quite competent in point of scholarship, is written in a style almost strenuously popular. He has had the courage to attempt a survey of the whole century from 1730 to 1830, limiting himself in the main to a consideration of major figures, and eschewing the easier and safer course of investigating obscure writers unearthed by himself. The first half of the book is occupied by a treatment roughly chronological; the second by a consideration of such general topics as "The Child of Nature," "Romantic Love," "The Religion of Nature," etc. The material of these chapters is all good, but it would more effectively have been distributed in various places in the chronological account.

I like the chapters on the nineteenth century better than those on the eighteenth. In the earlier portion Professor Fairchild seems to feel himself oppressed by the need of condensation, and is too often reminding the reader that he must hasten on. The appearance in 1925 of Dr. Benjamin Bissell's Yale dissertation, "The American Indian in English Literature of the Eighteenth Century," seems also to have taken some of the bloom off the eighteenth century for him. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, the early nineteenth century is the period he most loves. His treatment of the eighteenth century is solid; his treatment of the early nineteenth penetrating and often brilliant.

He disentangles very neatly, as it seems to me, the attitudes taken toward the Noble Savage by various authors before 1730 and by the genuine "romantic naturalists" afterwards. There are noble savages in Dryden (in fact, he seems first to have used the phrase "noble savage"), Addison, Steele, Swift, Defoe, and Gay. But with Dryden the Noble Savage is merely a figure of heroic romance in the convention of "love and valor." Addison, Steele, Swift, and Gay did not really care much for savages, but they used them for purposes of misanthropic satire. Defoe's man Friday is a savage "of early eighteenth century common sense." Genuine "romantic naturalism" begins to appear with Thomson, and is fully developed in Joseph Warton. Gray has just a dash of noble savagery, and Collins and Goldsmith have to be mentioned, but the major authors of the eighteenth century did not strongly espouse the cult. It is in minor authors such as Warton, Mackenzie, George Colman the Younger, and Helen Maria Williams that one finds

THE NOBLE SAVAGE
Pocohontas Saving Captin Smith
(From an old engraving)

it most strikingly developed. In the nineteenth century we have a different state of affairs. Southey wrote more poetry dealing with noble savages than any of his contemporaries, and Thomas Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" is "the best English poem in which the Noble Savage plays an important part," but the great names of the period do not escape. In twenty pages of searching criticism Professor Fairchild investigates Wordsworth's naturalism and shows that his Noble Rustic is a Noble Savage somewhat thinly disguised. Byron paused at Genoa in 1823 to write his last long poem, "The Island," a neglected but fascinating piece of South Sea naturalism. Blake, Shelley, Keats, and Scott escape without much damage: Blake because he is "too mystical" to be a genuine romantic naturalist; Shelley because, in the characteristic works of his maturity, he "soared in an atmosphere too rarefied and unearthly for the noblest savage to breathe"; Keats because his romanticism is esthetic rather than naturalistic; and Scott because "he combined great enthusiasm for certain external manifestations of the romantic spirit with an almost total lack of enthusiasm for romantic doctrine." A most sensible attitude which we should all do well to emulate.

"I should be sorry, very sorry indeed, if almost all the books written to-day did not perish," said George Moore in a recent interview. "It is a mercy, I think, that almost all the trash written to-day will perish. What would happen to the British Museum if it didn't? Why should anyone be concerned about the perishability of novels which are read once and are mose certainly never opened again six months after they are published? What people should be concerned about are the trees that are cut down to provide wood-pulp paper on which to print such novels. What is going to happen to the forests? Who is going to replant them? But there never was an animal with less foresight than man. . . ."

Asked about his own works, he went on: "Why should I worry about them? How can I trouble about the preservation of their first editions when I'm dead? I shall be sound asleep and the daisies growing above me."

A Renaissance Historian

LEONARDO THE FLORENTINE. By By RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

A FEW years ago there appeared in England under the impress of Grant Richards a volume entitled "Aspects of the Italian Renaissance." The author was Rachel Annand Taylor. The title of the book, somewhat dry and positive, could give no inkling of its contents. These essays on the significant figures, the manners and morals, the scholarship, the art, the temper, the peculiar glamour and beauty of the Renaissance, were so many dithyrambs, swift, poignant, ecstatic. They were full of images, rare and decorative as patterns of flower and fruit carved in shining marble by some Florentine artisan of the great era; full of a wide knowledge, curiously related, curiously coordinated; full of an intuition, pleasure-giving in its crystal exactitude, devastating because so disillusioned, amoral and aloof; full of an appropriate and almost painful fervor for the strange, the unique, and the lovely.

As learned as John Addington Symonds, as eloquent as Walter Pater, more keen and passionate than either, Mrs. Taylor expressed her amazing talent, her singular insight and appreciation, in language that was rich, cadenced, pointed, powerful, and delicate, a constant source of esthetic pleasure to those readers who appreciate fine prose.

What eddies may have been produced by this volume, what rumor and praise may have greeted its appearance, I am not privileged to know. Mr. Gilbert Murray wrote its introduction in which he said: "Certainly I cannot promise that a reader will find in this volume the white light of impersonal judgment, or that the right man will always be hanged. Every sentence has passed through the medium of a strong and sensitive personality which sometimes may distort, as it undoubtedly penetrates and reveals. . . . The book is through and through the work of a poet and has to be judged like a poem or a Platonic rhapsody by the beauty which it discovers or creates."

* * *

Much of this comment can apply to Mrs. Taylor's latest offering, a volume of over five hundred pages entitled "Leonardo the Florentine." One is tempted to elect it the conclusive book on Leonardo da Vinci. For Mrs. Taylor, who is literally in love with the Renaissance, has applied her student's knowledge, her poetic sensibility, and her aristocratic wisdom to understanding and explaining the most enigmatic and in some ways the most representative figure of that volcanic and magnificent period.

To know, to accumulate as many facts as Mrs. Taylor has mastered, yet to present them so inevitably, to show relations between people, between happenings and mental phenomena with such vitality that, as far as its movement is concerned, the book seems a novel rather than a historical essay, to galvanize so much dead and gone lumber into drama—into more than drama, into spiritual reality—is a supreme imaginative feat. This work is not only a recreation of Leonardo da Vinci, it is a recreation of the entire Renaissance. Lorenzo the Magnificent, Lodovico Sforza, Michael Angelo, Francis I., Donatello, Isabella d'Este, Botticelli, Cæsar Borgia, Baldassare Castiglione, Pico della Mirandola—innumerable others whose force or color or charm have preserved their names down the centuries—these are all made to move before us, all reanimated, and their essence and particular meaning conveyed by Mrs. Taylor's extraordinary power of suggestion and her capacity for difficult analysis.

* * *

Take, for instance, this portrtait of Isabella d'Este, as she appeared at her sister Beatrice's court in Milan:

> Golden-haired, dark-eyed, exquisite in profile, with mysterious musical motives, to heighten the enigma of her personality, impearled and guilded on her great sleeves, Isabella came in mingled mood; but, as she approached all novel and luxurious places, with a delicate rapacity for unusual impressions. She was a little blinded by all that "barbaric pearl and gold," a little dazed by those soft clouds of perfume, faintly aghast at a world so gemmed and gem-like that it was not unlike an Arabian tale. And this faery Court might have been hers; her brilliant fancies had to stint sometimes at Mantua! But it was Isabella's policy to be friendly with everybody, for who might not pluck from a feast, or a siege, or a conclave, some precious esthetic toy for her—a clavichord, an Eros, a brocade, a painted panel,

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an ermine fur, a rosary in black amber and gold, white herons' plumes, an antique agate cup with dragons' wings for a stand, an ancient script, a virgin scroll of verse for her eyes to deflower, or, it might be, a cardinal's hat or a marshal's bâton or a wealthy unwed prince for the needs of her House? . . .

. . . Leonardo should have sympathized with her ruthless estheticism—but even when he watched her move about the Castello now, he dismissed her vivid ways, her bright greeds and dancing movements, as disturbing. She had a frenzy of the mind: she was immoderate in her intellectual pleasures, she was the delighting libertine of the arts, rather than their lover. She was too restless. Diamond-bright, diamond-cold, she lacked atmosphere and she lacked rhythm, for all those gowns provocatively sewn with pearly music. Surely she was more beautiful than Mona Lisa, we think, gazing at Leonardo's drawing of her. Yes. But she was not the type he had chosen—the strange goddess, quiet at the heart of the labyrinthine sea-paven world, the Herodiad stilled from the Dance of Matter, whose smile can wean away the soul of man from all vain fancies and noises of mortality. . . .

* * *

Some readers may dislike this book, offended by its subtleties, its mysticism and irony, its proud appeal to an aristocracy of mind. Others may resent an almost hectic sensibility expressing itself in deliberate extravagances shocking to the well-ordered, the champions of common sense.

But it is nevertheless true that our rather grey literary horizon has been crossed by a startling apparition; that here is a book, life-giving, superb in its riches, enchanting and illuminating; that in this work we find a masculine knowledge, integrity and architectural sense combined with a feminine belief in passionate experience, a curiosity as to the soul's adventure, a nostalgic love for perished glories, an emotional acuteness keenly aware of differences and values whether in art or personality, finally a poetic consciousness of the bitter finality which follows on all human desires. We find an artist in words, one who seeks and achieves her own justification in composing rhythmic, colorful prose, throwing a haunting spell, continually stabbing us with mingled surprise and delight. It is a certain and joyful fact that here, at last, is a great critic; a fiery and exquisite talent which can afford to laugh at time.

Many people can write history. Few bring to the task such a waywardly brilliant style, such a sense of human character and idiosyncrasy, such a wistful feeling for the past, such a belief in fatality as does Mrs. Taylor.

Her summing up of Leonardo himself, as a man, a painter, a scientist—most of all as a curious miracle—a phoenix flashing across the golden skies of the Renaissance, is profound, piercing, and one is almost tempted to think, over-elaborated. Mrs. Taylor's fault—and it is the fault of an abundant talent—is a tendency to repeat, to amplify, to lose herself in a torrent of images as if her fancy caught fire too dangerously, as if the very excess of her enthusiasm whirled her into rhapsodies too intense to retain the valuable consciousness which says "measure in everything." There is, therefore, a certain sense of formlessness, in this book, although it is rigidly divided into neat enough chapter headings and quite admirable in its general plan and structure. One does not quarrel with its immense knowledge, its relentless interest pursuing ramifications of character and history, its flaming and discriminating disquisitions on art, its bold excursions into psychology, so vividly are these presented, so clearly are they related to the central figure. One does weary, at moments, of the surcharge of adjectives, just as the eye might be dazzled and finally turn away from an endless display of fireworks.

* * *

Her claim to every discriminating reader's attention and to the fame which will inevitably be hers, is founded on the surprising variety of her gifts. It is rare to find in one writer such a capacity for memorizing and presenting fact, such curious psychological insight, such amorous appreciation of life and art, such beautiful felicity in expression. The artist's business is to heighten life, to quicken the pulse of humanity with a sense of the wonder, the drive, the tragic power of existence. A great critic is an artist, for he too can give us the sense of exaltation. The fire of enthusiasm, of infinite suggestion, burns bright through this remarkable book; it lights up every cranny, it captivates the eye and excites the imagination. To read Mrs. Taylor's volume is thrillingly to live over the period with which it deals. One is caught up by her fervor, by the wingèd rush of her fancy; and the grand pageant of the Renaissance with its jewelled subtleties and fierce passions, its tenderness and power, its cruelty and finesse, its intellectual aspiration and its cult of loveliness, seems to roll by in actuality.

An Astronomical Epic

THE NEW ARGONAUTICA. By WALTER BROOKS DRAYTON HENDERSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is the most remarkable long poem I have read since Roy Campbell's "The Flaming Terrapin." And it bears a cargo of scholarship that might well founder any imaginative creation. In the last analysis, of course (in regard to poetry), sources and argument, structural and prosodic scheme, symbolism or allegory, cease altogether to matter. They are only stuff for the dryasdusts to worry to tatters in the clasroom. How many analyses of famous poetry I heard in my youth without the instructor being able to convey for a single split second any notion of the miraculousness of what he was reading. Footnotes, footnotes, footnotes,—O my God!

Here are a foreword, a general argument, a secondary meaning, and two appendices for the blinkered mind to revel in, pointing out the derivation of this poem from the "Argonautica" of Apollonius Rhodius and like matter. Queerly enough the author, who is certainly possessed of more than talent as a poet, is also a pedant. But other gifted contemporary poets have been pedants. Take Ezra Pound.

And this poem is written with an outworn pomp and circumstance of phrase that makes it frequently flatulent. Sometimes it flags and engenders boredom. I am mustering all I have to say against it initially, because the fact remains, blindingly clear, that we have in Mr. Henderson's imagination an imagination of the major order. He could not only conceive and plan one of the strangest epics it has ever been my lot to read, he has beaten the thing out in couplets of not infrequently excellent verse. The scaffold of his structure strays and sprawls and sags. His epic is one of wierd proportions, and certain of its details are incredibly childish. So, for that matter, are some of the details of "Endymion." All of this signifies little beside the fact that some passages take fire and burn incandescently as little contemporary verse burns in our day,—beside the fact that here is range and space through which the pinions beat of a high imagination. "Derivative"? Of course the poem is derivative in manner. All poetry in the main stream of written English is derivative. Sometimes Mr. Henderson commits what are to me syntactical and phraseological atrocities. And a good many of the major poets in English sinned in the same way. What matters is that he has not merely let fancy loose, as Keats requested, but has let unreined imagination loose, to blunder among the stars, in a day when most poets are either over-polished or egregiously unable to find the right words for what they think they are trying to say.

An argument is prefixed to each canto, in an ancient manner. God save the dulness! Why should a poet of this calibre deliberately choose dull devices? It must remain a mystery. But hearken to him writing of Alaric and Genseric who make a living aileron of their bodies on the wing-tip of the Argo foundering through deep skies!

Suddenly
She pitched back to the slide, and on the sky
Streamed out those two, yet anchored by their grip,
As golden pennons from the falling ship.
Shining their eyes, streaming their shining hair,
Bare their bright arms, and their bright bodies bare
(Save for stripped breech-cloth fraying as blown wave).
Only young gods, sky-born, could swim so brave.
Such from high heads of thunder, glacier-sown,
Leap with Salanfe to the tenuous Rhone;
Swoop, falling sun-clouds; float, enkindled spray
Against the abrupt, darked water's disarray. . . .

Blake only could have drawn that picture. What Miltonic play, also, is made with astronomical names! And how sharply descriptive the poet can be upon occasion:

Then suddenly it thundered; lightning blazed
Successive followed thunder, thunder crazed
The silence of the valley till it cried
Among the steeps and ledges that replied
And babbled fears together.

The drive and movement of "The New Argonautica" confound the fears that its archaic rhetoric starts. Sometimes entangled in mere rodomontade, the poet usually manages to struggle free and present a new aspect of the glittering, heaving starscape, in fresh-rushing words.

It would be a disservice to so memorable a work to claim for it more than great interest. I hold no brief for the general manner the poet has adopted to get his tale told. But I do maintain that he can handle the sonorous line, and that he has intense and original vision. No, I am not going to tell you the "plot."

The Magna Charta of Youth

GROWING INTO LIFE: The Magna Charta of Youth. By DAVID SEABURY. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

THIS "magna charta of youth," which is also the *magnum opus* of Mr. David Seabury, will meet with a varied reception, as ambitious propects frequently do. If by profession or by temperament you are rigidly scientific in your mental habits, you will have none of it, and knowing that Mr. Seabury is by profession a practising psychologist ministering to human ills and counseling the mentally unfit and unstable, you may question whether his claims do not so far outrun results as to discredit alike the set of ideas and the manner of their application on which this chart of youth is based. You may go so far as to question whether Mr. Seabury is a competent pilot in still waters or navigator in troubled ones.

The academic psychologist will read the book, so much of it as holds his interest, with similar misgivings. The critical reader of whatever training will be disposed to the same attitude; especially if he belongs to the growing company of reflective minds who have become a bit weary and more than a bit suspicious of the indiscriminate claims of psychology to be all things to all men. Even the less critical will weary a bit of the repetition, the discursive excursioning, the change from personal narrative to generalizing exposition and back again, the lack of a unitary perspective, the frequent insistence upon the obvious, and the inclusion of so much when by exclusion the impression would be so much more concise and effective.

Those who accept the popularization of psychology as desirable and agree that the means must be suited to the end, will react quite otherwise. If they are without academic prejudice, they will grant large latitude in manner and method to popularizers and bear in mind the limitations of the "popular" reader. They will conclude that by contrast Mr. Seabury has done a good job, and presumably does even a better job for those who come to him for aid and advice.

For there appears through the over-weighted presentation, the impress of an engaging personality, whose views are in accord with the progressive thinkers in the same field. His heart and his head are in the right place. Confront yourself with the average man, brought up in a conventional and unreflective view of what manner of beings we are, and how we come to be as we are when we have grown into the life that is ours by set of habit, and ask yourself what you would say to such John Doe or Richard Roe to set his mind to thinking rightly on what in essence is his own psychology, particularly upon what he should know to equip his children with a better hold on the meaning of life than he himself commands, and you might well find yourself, if you had the ability to do so, expounding and interpreting as does Mr. Seabury from a rich experience and with a professional aim.

The plea is for a right understanding of youth, the right of children to a childhood protected from over-repression and family conflicts, a right to follow the nature-set programme and thus avoid the neurological difficulties of maladjustment as they grow into life, into the life that will be theirs when they arrive at years of control. To get there they must cross the bridge of adolescence, a perilous ad-

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venture though an entrancing one. Most of all must they be rightly oriented emotionally both for a normal growth through the instabilities of childhood and for the added trials when under the growing sway of the master passion that will stir them to the roots and make or mar their being.

All of us, to reach this goal, must grow and outgrow; and our success in reaching the ports of adult life and sailing easily and safely on its many seas will depend largely on leaving behind us the ways of childhood and exchanging them for the ways of responsible control. To retain a schoolgirl complexion of mind may be a cosmetic but is not an educational ideal.

Mr. Seabury sets forth not only the goals of the cruise and the ports of call, but includes in his cargo the needed equipment for the voyage, and fills the gaps between the stages with accounts of others who have adventured under handicap and met with tragic shipwreck or timely salvation from disaster. As a pilot Mr. Seabury employs progressive methods. The older moralities are not dropped as superfluous cargo, but a newer provisioning is taken on in which psychology and psychiatry are the sources of nourishment. More particularly must we become aware of the rocks of abnormality, and recognize the kindly illumination of the lighthouses that enable us to steer away from them. Mental Hygiene is the pole star of the course. As for the charts they are not, as already indicated, scientifically drawn, but the personal versions of the pilot summarizing and a bit dramatizing his route.

It all points to the newer responsibilities of the progressive parent. Most human ills are due to unwise parentage. The summarizing code that contains the magna charta of youth is set forth in as many clauses as there are letters of the alphabet, and asserts with variations that parents must yield that superior, coercive, "we know better" type of authority and bend their ways to nature's rule. Tradition and rigid morality are much to blame; children's rights have been ignored as inconvenient, and their souls cramped by adult impositions. The new dispensation will seem to some a code of license and indulgences and the platform from which it is broadcasted insecure and one-sided. Mr. Seabury is convinced that it contains the true salvation and offers this *magnum opus* as a comprehensive manual of human redemption.

High Spirits

JEROME. By MAURICE BEDEL. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE M. PURDY, JR.

M. BEDEL'S prize novel, which has been given the somewhat florid subtitle "The Latitude of Love" in its English version, has caused a good deal of amused comment wherever it has appeared. That it should have won the *Prix Goncourt* last year is in itself sufficiently surprising, and that it should have annoyed the Norwegians to the extent of retaliation is yet more so. For it is an excellent light-novel of the modern French type, distinguishable from a hundred others only by its original subject matter.

The hero is a writer of plays,—a convenient autobiographic mechanism for the author,—who is sent to Norway to supervise the production of one of his pieces. On the ship he meets a charming young woman and promptly falls in love with her, considering her rather as an abstraction of all that Norway means to him than as a person. She introduces him to life and love in the North, shocking him thoroughly by the mixture of freedom and propriety she shows in her relation to him. The elaborate system of taboos, and restrictions which, like every Frenchman, he has built up in regard to women is completely demolished. The history of his case is complicated and farcical in spots, but never unamusing. Various types of Norwegian intellectuals are caricatured, often not too gently, but there is such an excess of good spirits and such a skilful handling of the racial question throughout that it is difficult to see why anyone should be offended. The book's premise,—that love is subject to climatic influences,—needd not be taken seriously, and is certainly not new. What is new in the book is M. Bedel's semi-serious, semi-analytic style.

Though it is the first novel of a man over forty it possesses more than its share of youth, and true or not, his tableaux of the frozen North, so different from the usual conception of the realm, are always diverting. Mr. Lawrence S. Morris has done a first-rate job as translator.

Outposts of the World

VANITY UNDER THE SUN. By DALE COLLINS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT B. MACDOUGALL

DALE COLLINS is the familiar of far, strange coasts, of odd, warped souls, of romance at the outposts of the world. He captured our interest with "Ordeal" and "The Sentimentalists." With "Vanity under the Sun" he should find himself in an assured position as a vigorous interpreter of the exotic. He not only writes of events and people that beat upon our emotions; he puts questions that shake our complacency. His fancy plays with disquieting notions and asks us to consider embarrassing possibilities. Implications, suggestions of symbols, overtones—these lie half-seen below the surface.

The novel begins with a brutally vivid description of the great Yokohama earthquake; it soon shifts to the mental derangement of a victim of the disaster. His loss of memory is the occasion for the birth of a new man, a man who proceeds to build a future without the foundation of a past—precarious but strangely happy. There is a girl, herself with no past—none, that is, of interest to herself or to the man; the relations between these two are developed with fascinating subtlety. Later their two lives become entangled with the lives of others, climax rising over climax until the man's memory returns in a way that no one would anticipate. The novel ends in a flare that illuminates and makes significant the whole. A flat or obvious ending would have been heartbreaking.

In the loss of identity Mr. Collins does much of his best work; he emphasizes the creation of something new rather than the confusion of losing the old. The girl, Leila, is an astounding character. We know of no one in fiction who resembles her. Indeed, it is the final revelation of her character that crowns the book. Minor personages of brilliant individuality are on almost every page: the Frenchman, Cuvelier; the cracked religionist, Evan Jones, and his Hebraic savage, Analoolie; "young" Kennedy, who sometime would be "old" Kennedy—these and many more flash out like spraying rockets against the night. Scenes, too, come to us unforgettably: the departure of the liner from Saigon; Li-Goon's netted sanctuary where drinks and talk flowed endlessly; the house at the top of the hill in Netherlandia; the horror at the end of the jungle march — memorable passages, all of them. Mr. Collins can write; he controls his material in the interests of effectiveness, and he colors it with a sure art.

In the Canon

CARLYLE, HIS RISE AND FALL. By NORWOOD YOUNG. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by GERALD CARSON

HERE is an addition to one of the most fascinating of all literatures—the posthumous history of a reputation. The reputation is Thomas Carlyle's. The addition is a new biography by Norwood Young, a British scholar who comes forward quoting significantly from Carlyle—"How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth"—and with the grim look of one who is about to do great execution. The book carries a subtitle, noted above; "his rise and fall," it says, and it is a fair announcement of intention.

When Thomas Carlyle died he was an oracle and a divinity. The publications of J. A. Froude produced a violent reaction. They inaugurated a long era of atheism, with respect to Carlyle. Froude "humanized" Carlyle, as a book jacket of our own time might express it.

Then came bitter controversy. Froude died, was discredited. The counter reaction swung in, and Carlyle was made, is still being made, the subject of a ponderous sort of Moneypenny-Buckle biography in five volumes by David Alec Wilson, expressly written to supersede Froude.

The end is not yet. Carlyle has now been dispatched by Mr. Norwood Young, who has throughout the air of a man who wipes a bloody bayonet on his tunic. Says Mr. Young; the reputation Carlyle obtained for wisdom is one of the curiosities of history. His merit fell as his fame rose. He was a medieval peasant, born too late. His utterances were "gilt farthings." He did not deserve the character of moral teacher. He was wrong in his position on political and social questions, wrong about labor, wrong about democracy, wrong about the press and public opinion, wrong about slavery, wrong in his interpretation of the French Revolution, wrong in the philosophy which his biographical interpretation of history constrained upon him; deficient in both scholarship and conscience in all his historical research work. Mr. Young will not even allow Carlyle his indigestion.

"Who reads Carlyle?" people often ask, anticipating the answer "nobody": as though that disposed of a puissant personality; and even Mr. Young will grant Carlyle that. But he will not allow that it was an attractive one. Just as Carlyle's equipment consisted of two things—"the dramatic speech of his father, the religion of his mother"—Carlyle's personal development is seen through those circumstances of environment which are least favorable to Carlyle. Carlyle's father was dour, irascible, overbearing; his mother fiercely proud under the appearance of humility. Carlyle himself, then, was a bully at heart, filled to an unusual degree with a sense of his own worth. His schoolboy associates punished him cruelly for his supercilious airs, and inflamed his insatiable ambition for fame and position.

* * *

At twenty-five Carlyle was already enraged over his continued obscurity and complaining about his health—which was made to carry the burden for more serious failings. But he won influential and distinguished friends, and a brilliant wife whose social standing and worldly goods, Mr. Young thinks, Carlyle noted from the outset with satisfaction. After Carlyle reaches his productive period, Mr. Young carries on his discussion of Carlyle's life and works concurrently; with long abstracts, condensations, and paraphrases from all the important books, illuminated with his own comments which are often witty, and usually drawn full to the head and let fly directly at Carlyle.

To say, and to substantiate the charge, that Carlyle was not an admirable character, that his ideas were either of the order of philosophical incunabula, or positively pernicious, that he means nothing to our times, represents a very serious enterprise of literary demolition. Mr. Young completely disposes of Carlyle as an accurate scholar, and in this day of graduate seminars, photostated original documents, bibliographies, and careful, factual historical writing guarded by profuse citation of authority, it is not hard to prove that Carlyle was not properly a historian at all.

But we knew that before, just as we know that Shakespeare is not the best source of information upon the Wars of the Roses. As for Carlyle's character, one can only weigh all the frailty, vanity, unkindness, and egotism brought forward by Mr. Young against the fortitude and nobility and strength found in Carlyle by his chief defender, Mr. David Alec Wilson, and decide for one's self. Character is not a matter of photostatic record.

This much is certain about Carlyle's earthly immortality. He is in the canon and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot get him out again; his reputation is safe. But it is true that he is not likely to return soon to the power of the living book. Carlyle was all for the immensities, for moral earnestness and conscience. He preached the mystery of life and the dualism of man. The whole tendency of thought and feeling is away from all this now. Ours is an age of unfaith, tentative, uncertain, burdened with a sense of futility, with new knowledge still uninterpreted. But in spite of Carlyle's "fall," so ably chronicled by Mr. Young, Carlyle may still have his Second Coming; for when another generation learns to lift up its eyes to the stars, Carlyle will again be read.

"Afraid of Success," a play by the transatlantic flier, Baron von Huenefeld, was recently produced in Dresden. The period of the play is the early eighteen-thirties in France. A reactionary old father is faithful to his royalist ideals; his daughter accepts the republic with good grace. She loves a baron who is forced to earn his living by writing popular songs. A wise old clergyman wields a soothing influence over both extremes and love, and in the end the song royalties triumph over the fidelity to the other royalties. The play is of special interest as reflecting the philosophy of a German ex-officer, who is true to the traditions of his class, even though he has modified his philosophy to suit the times.

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The Bowling Green

Powders of Sympathy

HOW pleasant to find unexpectedly, in that small Long Island postoffice where so many surprises occur, a copy of William Edwin Rudge's handsomely printed *Certain Letters of James Howell;* which was compiled and issued as a sort of laboratory exercise for students in the Fine Arts Department of New York University. "The students participated in each successive stage, from the editing of the manuscript to the binding of the finished book." An admirable project.

The selection of Howell's letters was done, and sagely, by Richard J. Walsh; and Guy Holt (whose hand I wish would appear oftener in public) wrote an agreeable introduction. It is excellent to know that the *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ* still have their readers. I have the two tiny volumes of them published by David Stott in 1890, which cost me only $1.50 for the pair some years ago, so I don't need to rely on selections. I've never been able to understand the note of condescension adopted toward Howell. Why did Thackeray call him "priggish"? Even Mr. Holt, though a true Ho-elian zealot, ventures to suggest that some of his quips are "humorless." The deuce! Are we to forget that Howell was one of the "sons of Ben" (viz., disciples of Jonson)—as combustible a group of euphuists as ever sharpened circular saws round a tavern table, and left circular stains on the board. Howell doesn't look like a prig in his portrait: observe the heavy brows, the cavalier curls, the fierce and flourishing mustache, the jutting nose, the dark well-opened eyes brightened with something of a Welshman's melancholy. He was thoroughly the son of Ben in his letters, with all the eloquent violence of lingo that was fluid in seventeenth century ink. Even the geese on village greens must have felt burdensome if they considered what sluice of elegant rhetoric their quills must some day carry. But Howell could also speak rarely to the point. I quote just one little note of his, not reprinted by Mr. Walsh. It is addressed "To R. S., Esq." who had evidently dallied overlong in the payment of a debt:

SIR,—I am one of them who value not a courtesy that hangs long betwixt the fingers. I love not those *viscosa beneficia,* those bird-lim'd kindnesses which Pliny speaks of; nor would I receive money in a dirty clout, if possibly I could be without it. Therefore I return you the courtesy by the same hand that brought it; it might have pleasur'd me at first, but the expectation of it hath prejudic'd me, and now perhaps you may have more need of it than

Your humble servitor

J. H.

Westminster, 3 August, 1629.

Howell was fond of remembering that he was born in the "hot constellation of Cancer," and frequently alluded to the dog-days in his letters; this little note shows admirably that there was a fine sultry sparkle behind his polished gentility. But we have contemporary testimony of his flavor. Aubrey, writing of Hobbes in the *Brief Lives,* remarked that Hobbes had "whiskers which naturally turned up—which is a signe of a brisque witt, e. g. James Howell."

So I think that Mr. Holt, in his charming memorandum, tames him a little. Elia was not always gentle, nor was Ho-Elia (I have always wondered whether Lamb got the suggestion for his pen-name from Howell?). I have many reasons for being fond of Howell; one is that he once took ship at Granville in Normandy; one that he was a close friend of Sir Kenelm Digby, to whom he paid so jovial a compliment—"You have parts enough to complete a whole jury of men. Those small perquisites that I have, are thrust up into a little narrow lobby; but those perfections that beautify your noble soul, have a spacious palace to walk in, more sumptuous than either the Louvre, Seraglio, or Escurial."—And did not Browning lift from Howell the story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin?

* * *

It was Howell (Aubrey tells us) who translated into English that amazing "discourse" on the Powder of Sympathy, delivered by Digby (in French) to a learned assembly at Montpellier in 1658. And since the hazard of the morning mail has brought us round to our darling Sir Kenelm, whom we have neglected too long, let me quote to you the opening of that famous and almost interminable lecture in which Sir Kenelm so startled the learned pharmacists of Montpellier—then as now a center of medical science. He was a hardy man: he not only addressed them in their own tongue, but ventured, after a couple of hours of talking, to introduce anecdotes on the psychology of yawning. But this is how he began, and I always think of it as a fable pleasantly applicable to journalists—or any others who have been well pursued by a wolf:

Il me semble avoir leu en quelque endroit de Plutarque, qu'il propose cette Question, Pourquoy les chevaux qui pendant qu'ils estoient poulains, ont esté poursuivis par le loup, et se sont sauvez à force de bien courir, sont plus vites **que les autres? A quoy il répond, qu'il se peut faire que** l'épouvante et la frayeur que le loup donne à une jeune beste, luy fait faire toutes fortes d'efforts pour se delivrer du danger qui la presse; et ainsi la peur luy dénoue les jointures, luy estend les nerfs, et luy rend souples les ligaments et autres parties qui serve à la course; de telle sorte qu'il s'en ressent tout le reste de sa vie, et en devient bon coureur. . . . Il en donne encore d'autres raisons; et à la fin il conclud, que peut estre aussi la chose n'est pas veritable.

As I have remarked before, you will not make merry over Sir Kenelm's ideas about the cure of wounds by sympathology if you have taken the trouble to read him; he curiously anticipated some modern doctrines. It is interesting to know that descendants in his family are eminent in medicine at the present day. Apropos varying ideas in medicine, I noted in a volume of Dr. W. W. Keen's collected papers an essay entitled "An Episode of the Second Battle of Bull Run." Dr. Keen, serving with the Union army, was in charge of a train

JAMES HOWELL

of 36 wagons of medical supplies, August 30, 1862. He tells us that of those 36 wagons, 9 were loaded with whiskey, one with brandy, one with sherry, one with port. Arriving on the battlefield, Dr. Keen stored all his supplies in a small smokehouse. A day or so later, two high Confederate officers inspected the stores.

One of them turned to the other and said with an explosive preface: ". . . there's more good liquor in this little smoke-house than in the whole city of Richmond!"

I quote this from Dr. Keen's extremely interesting volume, lately published by Lippincott, "The Surgical Operations on President Cleveland in 1893." He tells the very remarkable story of the operation on President Cleveland's mouth, done in private for reasons of public policy. It was performed on Commodore Benedict's yacht *Oneida,* and by the skill of the surgeons in avoiding any scar was successfully kept secret for many years.

* * *

Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," which will presently be on the counters, is an enchanting thing. I have been told that it is running now in the *Ladies' Home Journal;* somewhat expurgated, perhaps, unless the clients of that magazine are of stronger stomach than when Plancus was consul. Most delicious of all is to reflect how many reviewers will remark on the "newness" of the Stracheyan technique; on the "modern" way of writing history; on the modern historian's employment of all the rich assistance of neural philosophy and behaviorist science. It is true that Mr. Strachey discusses a few pathological oddities that would have been taboo fifty years ago; but in the main the value and the charm of his essay is that it relies on the lively melodramatic style that once in every generation makes some historian's fortune. Hear him, happy man, make whoopee with Lord Bacon:

Francis Bacon has been described more than once with the crude vigour of antithesis; but in truth such methods are singularly inappropriate to his most unusual case. It was not by the juxtaposition of a few opposites, but by the infiltration of a multitude of highly varied elements, that his mental composition was made up. He was no striped frieze; he was shot silk. The detachment of speculation, the intensity of personal pride, the uneasiness of nervous sensibility, the urgency of ambition, the opulence of superb taste—these qualities, blending, twisting, flashing together, gave to his secret spirit the subtle and glittering superficies of a serpent. A serpent, indeed, might well have been his chosen emblem—the wise, sinous, dangerous creature, offspring of mystery and the beautiful earth. The music sounds, and the great snake rises, and spreads its hood, and leans and hearkens, swaying in ecstasy; and even so the sage Lord Chancellor, in the midst of some great sentence, some high intellectual confection, seems to hold his breath in a rich beatitude, fascinated by the deliciousness of sheer style. . . .

The same cause which made Bacon write perfect prose brought about his worldly and his spiritual ruin. It is probably always disastrous not to be a poet. His imagination, with all its magnificence, was insufficient: it could not see into the heart of things. And among the rest his own heart was hidden from him. His psychological acuteness, fatally external, never revealed to him the nature of his own desires. He never dreamt how intensely human he was. And so his tragedy was bitterly ironical, and a deep pathos invests his story. One wishes to turn away one's gaze from the unconscious traitor, the lofty-minded sycophant, the exquisite intelligence entrapped and strangled in the web of its own weaving. "Although our persons live in the view of heaven, yet our spirits are included in the caves of our own complexions and customs." So he wrote; and so, perhaps, at last, he actually realized—an old man, disgraced, shattered, alone, on Highgate hill, stuffing a dead fowl with snow.

I could go on indefinitely quoting Mr. Strachey; that's the kind of thing pen and ink were (partly, at least) invented for—"the deliciousness of sheer style." It would astonish My Lord Chancellor, no doubt; it would please My Lord Chancellor's exquisite intelligence to see even Mr. Strachey sometimes falling into his own pitfall of antithesis; and it troubles me very little to worry whether or no things really happened that way. If they did not, they should have. But I should be a little troubled if all the important reviewers insisted too much that this sort of delightfulness is new. It will only be thought so by those who never read any Macaulay. There's a queer passage at the end of Macaulay's third chapter; a passage which Macaulay intended to be read again (he says so) "in the twentieth century." Do so some day.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Glamour

YOUTH having fled with its glittering promises,
Leaving our faith as unstable as Thomas's,
All that's remaining to soothe us and calm us is
Memory's charity, lovingly vast.
Blest be the power to sweeten and pasteurize
Bygone mistakes, until strengthened at last, you rise
Free from remorse, and can fearlessly cast your eyes
Over the past!

Over that love affair, scrappy and clamorous,
Time throws a veil irridescent and glamorous,
Cloaking the sordid, revealing the amorous—
Hiding the ashes but leaving the flame.
Now, in the days of your sobering solitude,
Soft Reminiscence endows it with mollitude—
Were she not able to gild it and doll it, you'd
View it with shame.

Praise ye the vision that makes ineffectual
Thoughts that would otherwise simply have wrecked you all;
Praise the Unconscious, that sets intellectual
Logic at naught, if emotion desires.
Bend ye, before that delightful Chimera, knees
Wearied of climbing impassible Pyrenees—
Kindle before that destroyer of tyrannies
Undying fires!

TED ROBINSON.

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Books of Special Interest

Confession of Faith

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH, Avowals and Ventures. By SIDNEY COX. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN BEECHER.

THE blurb upon the wrapper of this book predicts that it will be "a source of inspiration to teachers of English." It will be a source of desperation and confusion to those who buy it expecting a simplification of their difficult art. Mr. Cox has no theory which can be summed up in a program. He offers the ignorant and inconsequential no solemn jargon whereby to make their hollowness sonorous. He records the convictions he has come to in ten years of varied teaching. One knows that he wrote the book because he had the convictions, and, moreover, that he wanted to share, rather than to air them. His first avowal is that his teaching method—in so far as he has one—is "offering friendship." This method has its drawbacks as he admits. Students sometimes flout the offer. It forces the teacher to put off his protective garment of infallibility. It leads to the discovery that "we are all fools together." But it makes declaiming in the void impossible. The class room is not to him a compromise entered into cynically by both parties, something to be got through with, a price to pay for opportunity for research or to play football. Nor is it a tilting ground for ideas where silver trumpets blow and there is much play at fighting, but no blood shed. His class room is a place of "getting personal." His teacher is a sort of quixotic Saint George who slays dragons of bluff and runs at windmills of sentimental rhetoric, but is just as ready to turn the sword at his own breast when he detects the enemy within.

Mr. Cox treats English not as an informative, but as an educating, cultivating subject. The student should leave the classroom knowing less perhaps, but understanding more. "It behooves us (the teachers) not to allow ourselves to become alarmed about substantial and testable produce from our efforts at cultivation, and so be diverted into teaching pseudo-science, and unrelated history." Students are not to be trained for final examinations, are not thus to be cruelly deluded into thinking that life itself is merely a more complex code that the good may master and pass with an A. English must teach first to think for one's self and then to act as one thinks. A class where books are considered living realities as subtly unclassifiable as life itself, rather than stuffed specimens to be ranged in showcases, will not turn out students who have a ready sneer for the petty villanies of Babbitt, who can promptly ticket him as a deplorable phenomenon of our materialistic civilization, and yet will, as successful realtors, commit the identical villanies. They may commit the villanies, but they won't sneer at Babbitt.

This book where an unbelligerent personality attempts to set down honestly and exactly conclusions drawn not from prejudice, but from experience, is infinitely more provocative than if its author had been a polemist discharging the brilliant, but ineffectual star shells of paradox. His thin and unassuming volume is, although written in neither the style nor spirit of controversy, a stupendous criticism of our educational mechanism. Among many of his statements which appear obvious until one realizes how little applied they are is ". . . monstrous is the English teacher who never writes." Yet we frequently find the composition teaching in our foremost institutions in the hands of persons who not only have not written since graduate study first dried up the sap in them, but profoundly despise the literature of their day and hence everything that is not derivative and favor-cadging which their students may produce. Young proto-novelists seeking one of the greatest universities to advance themselves in their art encounter a famous English teacher who tells them that he never reads novels, but only skims them, for no novel is worth reading carefully. But Ulfilas's Gothic Testament is worth reading carefully and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles and the minor poets of the seventeenth century! It is not all so bad as this, of course, but the stress is all on a throwback, and these young authors and would-be teachers frequently have their mouths stopped with the dust of pedantry. If they open them again, it is to rail against their contemporaries who are producing literature. And certainly Germanic philology, acquaintance with all the ephemeral trashy literature of a remote period, and a knowledge of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" is preposterously heavy baggage for one setting out to instruct the freshmen of a distant rural college how to improve their dull lives and galvanize their stupid thinking. "To help another, much, about real self-expression you must at least have tried and tried to achieve self-expression yourself," says Mr. Cox, and the truth of his observation is so apparent that it seems almost platitudinous. So it is all the more astonishing that the graduate schools in their training and the institutions in their choosing place the emphasis all the other way, upon the consumer of dead rather than the producer of living English, upon the scholar rather than the teacher, the degree rather than the man.

Mr. Cox's precise and temperate style has a buoyancy and verve lent by a novel personality. Some may be at first shocked by the colloquial and personal manner he handles a subject they fancy calls for pompous treatment. Others will wish he had given more of himself. The book deserves to be placed on the academic Index, for it will certainly nurture heresies wherever it falls and disturb complacency. But it will do more. A number of teachers who love their art but do not talk about it will find here a confession of their faith.

Political Portraits

PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE. By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $3.50.

MR. VILLARD'S portraits include some dozen and a half American public men, active and quiescent, ranging from Governor Smith and Herbert Hoover to Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House. The general attitude is, naturally, that of the *Nation*, and the special stamp which the latter's publisher sets on these particular individuals is suggested by the labels attached to some of the more outstanding names. Thus:

Alfred E. Smith: *Governor Extraordinary;* Herbert Hoover: *Supersalesman;* William Borah: *The Idaho Lion;* Frank O. Lowden: *Farmer and Candidate;* James A. Reed: *A Modern Andrew Jackson;* George W. Norris: *Noblest of the Romans;* Thomas J. Walsh: *A Great Prosecutor;* Charles Curtis: *Jockey and Senator;* Woodrow Wilson: *A Supreme Tragedy;* Col. E. M. House: *His Nakedness Self-Revealed.*

The late Franklin K. Lane is one of the few on his list to whom Mr. Villard gives ungrudging admiration and praise almost unqualified. Senator Norris is another. Most of the others are guilty of some sort of moral obliquity or back-sliding which draws the *Nation's* familiar note of despair. Many will find Mr. Villard unduly petulant, but none will deny his sincerity, or that he speaks from long and intelligent observation.

Of all the Presidential candidates, the author thinks Governor Smith "on his record, gives the fairest promise of progressive leadership along social and humanitarian lines." But it is to-day, he adds, only a promise. He thinks that Smith "has no equal in America, as an administrator, not even in Herbert Hoover. But it is honest, radical popular leadership that the country needs infinitely more than a great administrator in Washington." And it remains to be seen whether Smith can convince those voters who "long for the coming of one more brave outspoken man, long to 'see one straightforward conscience put in pawn to win a world,'" that he can be for the nation what he has been to his own state.

Mr. Villard accepts Mr. Hoover's abilities as self-evident, and grants that he can be moved to indignation and vigorous action by the spectacle of suffering and injustice. But he feels that it is a different Hoover the voters face to-day from the Hoover, who, in 1920, favored the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations. In learning to play politics and in recanting the heresies of his free-lance political days, Mr. Hoover has ceased, in Mr. Villard's mind, to offer the promise he offered then, of leading America "to a better political life and into a union of political efficiency and idealism." He regards him as a backsliding Quaker, "a militant business imperialist of the precise British type . . . qualified to be a political and supersalesman President of the United States," but "liberals and progressives who seek something more, will continue to scan the horizon."

Mr. Villard's picture of the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate is that of a rather likable Babbitt, who is aware of his limitations and knows his place. A patient and plodding political wheel-horse—in spite of his touch of Indian and French blood—"only the crack of the party whip, or the sound of the dinner bell, ever moves him. You could not make him buck or rear if you built a fire under him. . . . Kansas and Kansas virtue are stamped all over him." The Curtis portrait is one of the most real and plausible in the collection, possibly because Mr. Villard does not feel called on to sound quite so solemn a moral note here, but permits himself a smile.

Essays on Evolution

CREATION BY EVOLUTION. Edited by FRANCES MASON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by BEVERLY KUNKEL
Lafayette College

SINCE the Fundamentalists have been campaigning against Darwinism, they have made much of the argument that Darwinism is no longer accepted by biologists and that it is simply a theory and should be taught as such rather than as a scientific truth. In the sense that Darwinism means evolution by means of natural selection, it is true that there is far less unanimity among biologists than there was twenty-five years ago. But in the sense that Darwinism means simply the derivation of existing species from pre-existing ones by descent with change—which is obviously the meaning of the Fundamentalists—students of biology present a more solid front in its favor than ever before in the history of science. The present volume is concerned simply with the process of evolution and not with Darwinism in the narrower sense of the word and furnishes an excellent summary brought well down to date of the reasons for the acceptance of evolution by biologists as generally as gravitation by astronomers.

The volume is made up of twenty-six essays by the leading biologists of England and the United States. The standing of these contributors can be appreciated when it is said that eight of the Americans are members of the National Academy of Science and that four of the British are Fellows of the Royal Society.

The volume suffers somewhat from the fact that the essays are quite independent of each other and so involve a certain amount of repetition. Almost every essay, for example, includes a definition of evolution in spite of the fact that David Starr Jordan opens the volume with an admirable essay on the Meaning of Evolution. Likewise J. Arthur Thompson who is such a master in the presentation of biology for popular consumption writes a chapter on Why We Must Be Evolutionists, but a number of others have presented the general line of reasoning which makes evolution as much a fact as any scientific conclusion, and Professor Newman closes the volume with an essay on the Cumulative Evidence for Evolution. A number of contributors have also felt called upon to point out that there is nothing in the idea of evolution which is incompatible with deep religious sense.

On account of the lack of editing of the essays there are occasional discrepancies more or less disconcerting. For example, Professor Watson in his essay on the evolution of the birds alludes to Archæopteryx as most teachers of evolution have been doing for many years. A dozen pages farther on, however, Professor Lull in his discussion of missing links refers to Archæopteryx and Archæornis as two distinct forms, and uses the latter name for the species which has hitherto been called Archæopteryx. As a teacher of biology the reviewer is anxious to be as accurate as possible, but in the present matter he is uncertain whether to follow the specialist who writes on the evolution of birds or the paleontologist who is only incidentally alluding to that group.

In view of the wide spread interest in the subject especially among those for whom the volume is particularly written, the discussion of the evolution of the human species is perhaps briefer than might be expected. In the excellent chapter by Professor Gregory on the Lineage of Man some seventeen pages are devoted to the evolution of vertebrates up to the mammals and only three are devoted specifically to the group of primates including man. To be sure, this distribution of space is justifiable because of the comparatively short time geologically speaking during which the primates have been differentiated from the other orders of mammals, but still in a work of this type a more detailed discussion of the relation of the structure of man and the apes would be most acceptable. It would not, however, be entirely fair to leave the impression that the evolution of man is confined to a brief three pages, for among the most satisfactory and valuable chapters are those by Professor Holmes on the Human Side of Apes in which the very recent additions to our knowledge of the psychology of apes are very clearly presented, and by Professor G. Elliott Smith of London on the Evolution of the Brain in which the differences between the brain of the apes and of man are very simply presented.

The book should be well received and afford useful help in checking the attacks of the Fundamentalists.

The Church and America

CATHOLICISM AND THE AMERICAN MIND. By WINFRED ERNEST GARRISON. Chicago. Willett, Clark & Colby. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE MAYNARD

THE presidential candidacy of Governor Smith has provoked, as was to be expected, several books on the subject of the relations between the Catholic Church and the American Republic. Dr. Garrison denies that he has written to meet any emergency: his volume has occupied him for years, and merely happened to appear at the present juncture, though the author has been careful to see that his allusions are up to the minute.

There is a second disclaimer: Dr. Garrison has no anti-Catholic object; his idea has been to give, as fairly as possible, a statement of Catholic belief. There are, of course, a certain number of digs at the Church; nevertheless Dr. Garrison clearly seems to me to have sincerely desired a perhaps impossible impartiality. And he writes in a pious Christian spirit and with admirable lucidity.

But his book is not well proportioned. Far too much space is given over to the discussion of unimportant details, and far too little to the general theory of Catholicism. Along with Dr. Garrison's inability always to perceive the essence of his subject, there are several mistakes in matters of fact. For instance, Cardinals need not be bishops. Newman was not one, nor is Gasquet. Cardinals, if it comes to that, need not, despite the recent revision of Canon Law and present practice, be even priests.

In so short a summary as Dr. Garrison provides, allusion to "the Pope's *Te Deum* after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day" might have been avoided. There is no room for the very necessary consideration of all the circumstances, and a completely false impression is therefore conveyed. The same stricture should have operated against the introduction of a Benedictine medal of which in 1876 it was "officially declared," according to our author, that it "cures sickness, relieves toothache, stops nose-bleed, heals burns, overcomes craving for drink, protects from evil spirits, restrains skittish horses, cures sick cattle, clears vineyards of blight, and secures the conversion of heretics and godless persons." We might have been spared such nonsense. Whoever made such a statement or attributed magic to a medal was guilty of grave heresy.

The Marlborough case is alluded to, and again, because of too summary a treatment, inadequately. Dr. Garrison thinks the annulment of the marriage was a "flimsy pretext," because he fails to understand the importance of *intention* in the contract as in the general Catholic scheme. The priest saying Mass must have the intention to consecrate, or there is no Mass; the person baptizing must have the sacramental intention, or there is no sacrament. So also with marriage. Hitherto the presumption has been that, unless a deficient intention could be proved, the vow held. But before very long, seeing that probably the majority of non-Catholic marriages are entered into with a degree of mental reservation which would nullify the contract *ab initio*, the lack of intention may conceivably come to be presumed instead, in the absence of contrary demonstration.

A considerable amount of this book deals with the question of the supposedly divided loyalty of American Catholics. But Dr. Garrison's discussion of this point is much less exhaustive than that offered by Mr. Charles Marshall in his recent book, which I have already reviewed in these columns. Therefore I need hardly deal with the matter again.

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Books of Special Interest

Child Logic

THE LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT OF THE CHILD. By JEAN PIAGET. Translated by MARJORIE WARDEN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

THIS book deals with the ordinary subject of childish conversation, but approaches it with such clinical directness and insight that the findings become of great value for genetic psychology. The author, as Professor E. Claparede points out in an excellent preface, combines the equipment of a naturalist, a zoologist, a philosopher versed in logic and epistemology, and a psychologist who has familiarized himself with the outlook of James, Dewey, Janet, Stanley Hall, and J. Mark Baldwin.

Jean Piaget conducted his observations at the Maison des Petits of the Institut J. J. Rousseau, Geneva, and used the simple expedient of recording verbatim the spontaneous conversation of young children at work and play, and of inducing them to take the lead in their speech. This method is similar to the free association device frequently employed by psychiatrists in working with adults.

Clinical method has sometimes been criticized as being too subjective and too uncontrolled for scientific research; but Piaget has demonstrated that it can be made very fruitful, that it has experimental and quantitative values.

The fruitfulness of the results, however, lies mainly in the author's penetration. He succeeds remarkably in divesting himself of adult preconceptions, when he analyzes his data. He does not assume that the child means what he says, as though words were coins, which have equal value whether offered in the realm of child or of grown-ups. On the contrary, Piaget asks, What are the *needs* which a child tends to satisfy when he talks?

The emotional, the dynamic needs, are recognized as well as the factual, in this study of the functions of language in early childhood. Even at the age of six years, language appears to be highly egocentric or autistic. There is little directed thought controlled by words and the laws of logic. There is little truly socialized communication. The child says everything: "he has no verbal continence." Much of his speech is repetitious (echolalia); much is monologue; much that seems socialized is really a collective kind of monologue.

Piaget believes that the age at which a child really begins to communicate his thought is probably between seven and eight, for then the proportion of egocentric remarks falls to about twenty-five per cent. These age figures cannot be taken without qualification. The conclusions rest upon a small number of cases, intensively studied, and the author has not perhaps sufficiently recognized the influence of native intelligence, to say nothing of personality make-up. He has, however, shown that the functional, the psychological essence of language, is profoundly influenced by age and experience. The age levels considered range from two to eleven years, and embrace the functions of language, understanding, and verbal explanation, and the types of *Whys* a child will ask—the *Whys* of explanation, of motivation, and of justification. Mlle. Veihl recorded 1125 spontaneous questions asked by her six-year-old charge in a period of ten months. These questions afford the basis of a revealing chapter on the notions of causality in early childhood. These notions are found to be wanting, or highly primitive, even beneath a very respectable clothing of vocabulary and sentence structure.

This particular chapter should make instructive reading for behaviorists who place an unquestioning value on words and verbalization. It proves that verbal consolidation is a matter of very slow growth. One must inquire into the psychological Whyness of a child's Whys, and must not naively accept them as the chapter headings for a juvenile book of knowledge.

Piaget's book is an important scientific contribution because it undermines the inveterate intellectualism which the adult so naturally ascribes to the less sophisticated language of childhood. The child has his logic, but it is different from the adult's. This difference is well worth understanding for reasons of education as well as of genetic psychology. The present volume is to be followed by another on "Judgment and Reason in the Child." Together these two volumes will make a significant survey of the psychological foundations of Child Logic.

The Asia of the Future

ASIA REBORN. By MARGUERITE HARRISON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES BATCHELDER.

SHALL we ever see a United States of Asia? Will an Asiatic League of Nations be the final crystallization of the revolt of East against West? Is European civilization doomed to go down before that of Asia? Are the Yellow races to dominate the world instead of the White?"

These are questions which have been raised by the rise of Japan to the rank of a Great Power, the overthrow of foreign domination in China, the recovery of Turkey, the progress of self-government in India, the rapid growth of Bolshevik influence all over Asia, the advances made by Persia, Siam, and Afghanistan and the unrest in Northern Africa, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, the Philippines, and even in the Dutch and French Indies. The events which have taken place between 1918 and 1927 are carefully analyzed by the author in order to make clear the fundamental changes which have been taking place as the result of the Wilsonian doctrine of "self determination for little people," the penetration of advanced Occidental ideas into dormant Asia, and the fierce economic struggles between the industrialism of the West and the agricultural, pastoral, and handicraft systems of the East. The world hereafter will evidently no longer be controlled by the European races, and the overwhelming numbers and great material resources of the Asiatics will give them at least an equal voice in shaping the future.

Logical reasoning and intimate personal knowledge of many of the countries make the book exactly what is needed by those who are unfamiliar with the subject in general and who feel that an adequate knowledge of it has become essential. Much of the work is admirable, and the selection of the most important topics and their explanation is extremely satisfactory.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that more care was not taken in verifying references and statistics and that apparently some of the conclusions have been dictated by anti-Japanese and anti-British bias. Some of the statements give a wrong impression, such as saying that General Dyer "and a detachment of soldiers *surrounded* the crowd of more than six thousand persons, all unarmed, and fired point-blank into their midst without warning." This version of the Amritsar affair is quite contrary to the evidence of Indians who were in the mob, besides eliminating all mention of the compelling reasons for the firing. Motives are constantly imputed to the Japanese without proof and often to the British. It is startling to learn that "since that day in June, 1919, . . . nearly as many lives have been lost through conflicts in Europe and Asia as in the four terrible years between 1914 and 1918." The sections on India are open to considerable criticism, and those on Burma, Tibet, the Malay States, Singapore, Siam, and Indo-China are incomplete. It would have been useful if the Dutch Indies and the Philippines had been included, but probably space did not permit full treatment of these eight countries.

The Mohammedan states are splendidly described and the explanation of the reasons for the growth and rebirth of Islam, especially the effects of its real democracy in theory and practice, compared with the prejudices of color, race, and class of Christianity, is a real masterpiece. Very often there are evidences of unusual sympathetic understanding of the feelings and actions of Asiatics. The style is clear and convincing, and the dry facts of history are made not only readable, but fascinating. The author has few illusions and delicate subjects are handled with surprising frankness.

The conclusions are really notable, especially those about the irresistible effects of the increasing population of Japan, the impulse of Russia toward Asia and ice-free ports, the future of China and India, and the renaissance of Islam as a world force. The concluding chapters point to possible solutions of the problems, perhaps through "the establishment of a World Federation based on economic needs."

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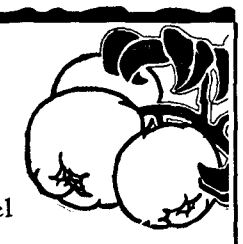

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

LAUGHING TRUTHS. By CARL SPITTELER. Translated by JAMES F. MUIRHEAD. Putnams. 1927.

It is not often nowadays that the American and British public so completely misses a man of otherwise international reputation as it has done in the case of Carl Spitteler. Until the present volume none of his works were translated; his name, even as that of a Nobel prize winner, has remained practically unknown. Yet this "greatest of Swiss writers," proclaimed by Romain Rolland "the only master of the epic since Milton died," was "discovered" by Felix Weingartner as long ago as 1904 and his due worth immediately recognized upon the Continent. Among his numerous works there are three outstanding ones, all epics: "Prometheus und Epimetheus" in rhythmical prose, "Der Olympische Frühling," and "Prometheus der Dulder" in verse.

In default of the much needed translation of one or all of these, we are offered in "Laughing Truths" a collection, for the most part, of the early critical essays which aroused the admiration of Friedrich Nietzsche in 1887. Considering that they were written so many years ago, they seem remarkably of the present. Spitteler might well be addressing the America of 1928 in his repeated protest against the assumed authority in literary matters of "the parson, the attorney-general, or the public instinct." Folly is as perennial as beauty. Spitteler was keenly sensitive to the enduring forms of both, and these brief essays, firm, balanced, and judicious, with their continued plea for reason in both life and art, introduce one to an outstanding mind and lofty character, whose more important productions, it is to be hoped, may some time become known to Americans.

ENGLISH LITERATURE THROUGH THE AGES. By *Amy Cruse*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

FROM A CORNISH WINDOW. By *Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch*. Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan).

Biography

APHRA BEHN. By V. SACKVILLE-WEST. Viking. 1928. $2.

This brief and well-written summary of the career of the first Englishwoman to become a professional author, is a useful addition to the Rev. Montague Summer's "Memoir of Mrs. Behn" prefixed to his edition of her works. Mrs. Behn herself was well worth the trouble. Her "Oroonoko" is decidedly the best short narrative of the seventeenth century, her plays are witty even though, as Pope charged, she "fairly puts all characters to bed," her life on the fringes of a dissolute court, her experiences as a spy, and as a rake, her engaging if disingenuous personality, all make her a subject for fascinated study, to which is added the puzzling obscurities that are frequent in her career.

A number of pages in this little book are properly devoted to restoring the reputation for reasonable veracity of her masterpiece "Oroonoko." It was praised for its realistic background of South America and its sympathetic study of an African slave by literary critics who were roughly handled some years ago by an American scholar, Dr. Bernbaum, who in several pamphlets proved by circumstantial evidence, and to his own satisfaction, that Mrs. Behn had never gone to Guiana and that the intuitive perceptions of the literary critic were here, as elsewhere, not to be trusted. Mr. Summers and Miss Sackville-West between them have unearthed new evidence, which, while leaving some dates and details obscure, makes it reasonably certain that the South American portion of "Oroonoko" was written after first-hand observation, that Aphra was in Guiana, and that Dr. Bernbaum's reasoning was based upon false documentation. The point was worth making, since it is only Aphra's literary reputation that can by any possibility be restored. If she did not have genius, she had a talent for narrative not to be excelled until Defoe.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL RODMAN, 1821-1859. Edited by ZEPHANIAH W. PEASE. New Bedford, Mass.: Reynolds Printing Company. 1928.

For nearly forty years, till the impending cloud of the Civil War discouraged him, the owner of one of the chief whaling businesses of New Bedford kept a careful, though brief record of his daily occupations. Samuel Rodman was a Quaker, a man of varied business and civic interests, an ardent opponent of slavery, and interested in science and letters. In his diary, which has been running in instalments in the New Bedford *Morning Mercury*, we may find descriptions of stage-coach and railway travel; of changes in household life during the 'thirties, 'forties, and 'fifties; of the growth of the New England textile industry, in which he was for a time financially involved; and of the progress of the temperance, public school, and abolition movements. Some noted figures, such as William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, N. P. Banks, Whittier, and Richard Henry Dana, appear in these pages, chiefly as anti-slavery orators or lyceum lecturers. The annalist has a pleasing style, and he gives the little events of New Bedford life —births, deaths, marriages, ship arrivals, fires, balls, teas—a considerable interest. Some of his comments are decidedly quaint. For example, after hearing the elder Dana lecture on Shakespeare in 1840, he remarks that "Dana's high respect and veneration for Shakespeare makes me incline to a further acquaintance with his writings, and suspect that my impression of the tendency of his plays which I have always considered, from the bad characters which are introduced and the coarseness of the language in numerous places, unfavorable to good morals and therefore to everything good and valuable in life, may have been mistaken and the result of early education and my want of personal acquaintances with his writings." Students of social and economic history will find the book worth examining. The usefulness of its three hundred and fifty double-column pages of fine print would have been greatly increased if the editor had supplied an index.

BARRIE. By THOMAS MOULT. Scribner. 1928. $2.

This is not a biography, but the chronicle of Sir James Barrie's literary and dramatic career. We do not see why we should be shy of conjecturing that something of Barrie may take its place among the classics. We should differ from Mr. Moult in betting on "Window in Thrums" rather than on "Sentimental Tommy." Mr. Moult does not venture the conjecture but his judgment is quite decidedly for the later works. Admitting the flaws of "Auld Licht Idyls," the flaws seem to us more than compensated for by the freshness and first bloom of the peculiar Barrie quality. It is a surprise to hear from him how much Barrie has written that is unfamiliar to most of us. His dramatic gift is a sort of superadded second wind. After Goldsmith and Sheridan to Wilde, Shaw, Barrie, and Synge there was no theatrical drama, no comedies of distinction in English literature. We are far enough along now to see that there was an unmistakable renaissance, and it may eventually appear that Barrie's work was as important as any.

LINCOLN. By *Frederick Trevor Hill*. Appleton. $3.

Drama

THE ALCHEMIST. By *Ben Jonson*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

SHAKESPEARE'S "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW." Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

Economies

SIGNIFICANT PARAGRAPHS FROM "PROGRESS AND POVERTY." By *Henry George*. Selected and compiled by *Harry Gunnison Brown*. Doubleday, Doran.

THE ECONOMIC WORLD. By *Arthur R. Burns* and *Eveline M. Burns*. Oxford University Press. $2.

ADAM SMITH. By a Group of Writers. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Education

BUILDING CHARACTER. Chicago Association for Child Study and Parent Education. University of Chicago Press. $1.

EDUCATION PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES. By *Emit Duncan Grizzell*. Macmillan.

THE GROUP-STUDY PLAN. By *Edward R. Maguire*. Scribners. $1.80.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC ON IMMIGRATION, NATURALIZATION AND ALIENS. Edited by *Madison Grant* and *Charles Stewart Davison*. Scribners. $1.

OUR ATLANTIC POSSESSIONS. By *J. Earle Thomson*. Scribners. 90 cents.

COLLEGE HANDBOOK OF COMPOSITION. By *Edwin C. Woolley* and *Franklin W. Scott*. Heath. $1.24.

IMMIGRATION AND RACE ATTITUDES. By *Emory S. Bogardus*. Heath. $1.80.

CHILD LIFE AND RELIGIOUS GROWTH. By *Edna M. Bonser*. Abingdon. $1.50.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 41. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best sonnet called "The End of the World." (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York, not later than the morning of September 10.)

A TEACHER'S GEOGRAPHY. By *Mendel E. Branom*. Macmillan.

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL MATHEMATICS. By *J. Herbert Blackhurst*. Century. $2.50.

STANDARDIZATION OF AMERICAN POETRY FOR SCHOOL PURPOSES. By *L. V. Cavins*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

Fiction

THE LIGHT SHINES THROUGH. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

Mr. Cohen has in the past written many amusing stories of negro life. "The Light Shines Through" is a departure in every way from those earlier successes. It seems a pity that Mr. Cohen deserted his negroes, on whom he had a sure grip. This novel is practically trash—thin, weak, uninspired. The events center around a girl who inherits a million from a supposedly dead lover; to her later regret, she marries a most unworthy fellow, a mere fortune hunter. The dead man returns, further complications are added, and after a convenient murder all is serene. There is nothing here for those who have advanced beyond the tabloids.

THE BLACK HEART. By SYDNEY HORLER. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Mr. Horler's latest thriller is concerned with the dark schemes of an English master-criminal, Sir Luke Benisty, to plunge the Powers into another world war. On his track is a vengeful young girl whose father Benisty ruined. Working in alliance with her is a rising novelist, one Chertsey, seeker of adventure and material for his books. The story is told with plenty of violent action, but without anything particularly ingenious or mystifying in the development of the plot.

JANE CARROLL. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

In this latest novel by E. Temple Thurston there is an integrity of narrative outline that marks it off sharply from the sprawling novel that aims at a cross section of life and eschews all selection. In the matter of form this is pure gain: the story moves forward with dignity, events falling into their place and presaging other events to come. "Jane Carroll" has, in a rather paradoxical juxtaposition, both solidity and suspense. From the very beginning the reader senses the inevitable tragedy and yet is led from chapter to chapter in alert interest.

The story opens in London. The home of Jane Carroll and her husband is a social rendezvous for the politically important of Great Britain; dinners here make destinies; and to one dinner comes the young, radical, idealistic Irishman, John Madden, with a price, and a high one, on his head. The beautiful, the exquisite, the aloof Jane Carroll realizes that there is no escaping destiny; life must be for her, henceforth, John Madden. Swiftly she gathers her forces, bartering the merest fraction of her grace and wit for needed resources, and goes with her husband to Ireland to make possible Madden's political *coup*. The sinister coast, and the ominous characters about, remind one of shores and people that lower in the Waverley novels. In this atmosphere, heavy with foreboding, the reader waits with Jane Carroll for the end. The novel has texture and depth; the beauty of Jane Carroll and the spirit of John Madden transcend the telling of their story and invest the book with some of that radiance that is granted only to love, star-crossed.

(*Continued on next page*)

Wanderlust sent him down from the hills to the city but love called him back

The HAPPY MOUNTAIN

By MARISTAN CHAPMAN

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

ARROGANCE. By LÉONIE AMINOFF. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

This is one of a series of Napoleonic romances in historical sequence written by the same author. It is done not without imagination, but in an insufferably chatty, familiar style, vivacious to the point of agony.

THE KING'S PASSPORT. By H. BEDFORD-JONES. Putnams. 1928.

We find in "The King's Passport" many of the qualities that characterize the very best historical romance. Mr. Bedford-Jones puts three familiar figures into his novel—Richelieu, d'Artagnan, and Cyrano de Bergerac. He disarms the pedants by admitting a certain historical inaccuracy. His frankness was not necessary, however, for he is highly convincing, making us entirely sure that his major characters are essentially authentic. Indeed, his Richelieu is memorable, and his Cyrano hardly less effective. The novel as a whole, although neither so solid nor so sweeping as it might have been, is excellent reading. The love element is not allowed to retard the main action; laborious attention to the building of historical background is never noticable. In short, "The King's Passport" is an intelligent, skillful novel of action.

OL' MAN ADAM AN' HIS CHILLUN. By ROARK BRADFORD. Harpers. 1928.

Skip the Foreword and you will like "Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun." If you need further assurance, look over some of the titles of these tales about the Time When the Lord Walked the Earth Like a Natural Man. "All About the Potiphar Scandal," "The Stratagem of Joshua," "The Sun Trick," "Balaam and His Talking Mule," "The Adulteration of Old King David." They practically tell the story and it is well they do, for there is no possibility of paraphrasing these fables. Their humor lies absolutely in the telling, and it is equally impossible to excerpt particularly funny pages, since each one grows out of the one before and into the one beyond. Read 'em and laugh. The Foreword, already mentioned, is peculiarly inappropriate in so gay a volume and will prove irritating to many readers who otherwise might find "Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun" highly congenial.

WHERE THE LOON CALLS. By *Harry Sinclair Drago*. Macaulay. $2.

THE CRIMES CODE. By *William C. Queux*. Macaulay. $2.

THE QUARRY WOOD. By *Nan Shepherd*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE SILK PURSE. By *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding*. Dutton. $2.50.

History

STUDIES IN BIBLICAL AND SEMITIC SYMBOLISM. By *Maurice H. Farbridge*. Dutton. $2.

ITALY IN THE RENAISSANCE. By *Maud F. Jerrold*. Boston: Luce.

NAPOLEON III. AND THE RHINE. By *Hermann Oncken*. Knopf.

THE STREAM OF HISTORY. By *Geoffrey Parsons*. Scribners. $5.

STONEWALL JACKSON. THE GOOD SOLDIER. By *Allen Tate*. Minton, Balch. $3.50.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By *Hilaire Belloc*. Vol. III. A. D. 1348 to 1525. Putnam.

THE MEXICAN SIDE OF THE TEXAS REVOLUTION. By the Chief Mexican Participants. Translated by *Carlos E. Castameda*. Dallas, Texas: Turner.

GARIBALDI'S DEFENCE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. By *G. W. Trevelyan*. Longmans. $2.

GARIBALDI AND THE MAKING OF ITALY. By *G. M. Trevelyan*. Longmans. $2.

GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND. By *G. M. Trevelyan*. Longmans. $2.

TALES OF THE MONKS. Edited by *Manuel Komroff*. Dial. $3.50.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF FRENCH ABSOLUTISM. By *Franklin Charles Palm*. Crofts. 65 cents.

ENGLAND. By *Cyril E. Robinson*. Crowell. $5 net.

UNPOPULAR ESSAYS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY. By *Moorhouse F. X. Millar*. Fordham University Press. $2.50.

International

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By *John Spencer Bassett*. Longmans. $3.50.

THAT MEXICAN. By *Robert N. McLean*. Revell. $2.

MUSSOLINI AND THE NEW ITALY. By *Alexander Robertson* of Venice. Revell. $2.

THE BANKERS IN BOLIVIA. By *Margaret A. Marsh*. New York: Vanguard Press. $1.

OUR CUBAN COLONY. By *Leland H. Jenks*. New York: The Vanguard Press. $1.

BLACK DEMOCRACY: THE STORY OF HAITI. By *H. P. Davis*. Dial. $5.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. International Publishers. $2.75.

SOVIET RUSSIA IN THE SECOND DECADE. Edited By *Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn*, and *Rexford Guy Tugwell*. Day. $4.

CHINA AND WORLD PEACE. By *Ming-Chien Joshua Bau*. Revell. $2.

CHINA AND FOREIGN POWERS. By *Sir Frederick Whyte*. Oxford University Press. $1.40.

ROUMANIA TEN YEARS AFTER. Beacon Press. $1.50.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. Vol. II. By *C. A. Macartney*. Oxford University Press. $8.50.

MODERN JAPAN AND ITS PROBLEMS. By *G. C. Ellen*. Dutton. $3.

EUROPE. By *Count Hermann Keyserling*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

STEERING OR DRIFTING—WHICH? By *Israel H. Levinthal*. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.50 net.

CHINA AND ENGLAND. By *W. E. Soothill*.. Oxford University Press. $3.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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German Authors in America

By H. W. PUCKETT
Barnard College

IT was because I could not answer some questions raised by a Berlin school director that I began to question others as to what German authors are being read in the United States; that is, his suggestion that the students of the Volkshochschule in Berlin would like to have me take that subject for my lectures there made it necessary to formulate a questionnaire and send it to libraries in various parts of the country, for while one had a well-based opinion about the popularity of German authors on their own heath, or in case of doubt could resort to German literary journals, there was no published evidence of their reception among us. Through the assistance of Dr. C. C. Williamson, Director of Libraries, Columbia University, and the coöperation of more than two score librarians, facts were brought together which are analyzed in the following article.

It may be assumed with certainty that an investigation of our German reading before the war would have given different results. Not merely that some names now frequently cited were still obscure; the reading was done under a different star, with a piety toward German culture that would be hard to find anywhere to-day. The idols shattered were not all in Germany. The younger generation throughout the world has brought to its reading since the war an interest very different and in some ways more critical. Older readers, lacking flexibility or perhaps the ambition to orient themselves in a new world, turn still to old favorites. The answer is made repeatedly in the questionnaires that "the pre-war German readers are calling for the same things as before the war." These books are to some extent the classics of German literature. But along with the names of Gœthe and Schiller and Lessing and Heine, appear a host of lesser lights, a motley company ranging from the unquestioned excellence of Keller to the flabby pabulum of a May or a Marlitt.

It was impossible for practical reasons to use a questionnaire large enough to embrace such a number. Furthermore, the inquiry was for contemporary authors, which greatly reduced the selection; and then among these again some sifting beforehand was necessary. All on my list of ten except one—Rilke died December, 1926—are still living, all have been before the American public since the war. Inasmuch as all are available to some degree in translation, their readers are by no means confined to people of a German language tradition.

Three of the ten have been familiars with us for a generation. There was a time in former days when an educated American, asked who was the greatest living German writer, might have hestiated whether to give the title to Sudermann or to Hauptmann. A bit later he was sure it was Hauptmann. Still both of these literary lights continued in the ascendency throughout that period. "Die Versunkene Glocke" made Hauptmann, if not famous, at least so well known in America that to many Americans he is still the author of that work alone. It appeared at the beginning of our century as a school text, in which capacity it continues its triumphant progress down the years, being now well on the way of becoming a classic. The same fate has been accorded Sudermann's "Frau Sorge." One library has but two German books, these two. Another reports, "all copies of 'Frau Sorge' worn out." How much academic persuasion has contributed to keep the names of these two authors before our public, can be judged from the evidence of libraries in touch with high schools and colleges, where it is said that the student demand for "Die Versunkene Glocke" and "Frau Sorge" is constant and that former students with some ambition to look beyond these specimens call for other books by the same authors. It might be supposed that Hauptmann with his unquestionably greater merit, his more varied offering, his uninterrupted production, and his better press-agenting would be read to a much greater extent than Sudermann, who is still known chiefly by his earlier work. As a matter of fact, Hauptmann's lead is slight, their relative popularity comparing as 4.18 to 4.16. There is still another surprise offered by the record of the third writer of this older group, Arthur Schnitzler. Undeniably, the tide has been with Schnitzler. Without creating anything essentially new since his first books, he has gone on polishing an already finished style with which he purveys Freudian dramas, novels, and short stories with increasing success. The theme is more popular now than ever, and Schnitzler's mastery of the technique leaves nothing to be desired. Reasoning on these facts, I should have hazarded the opinion that Schnitzler appealed to more readers than Hauptmann even. This is not borne out by the facts, which give him a ratio of 3.60.

In a way, Schnitzler is a liver issue in the book world to-day than any other writer of his age. He is more "up-to-date." It is a significant fact that practically everything of Schnitzler exists in English translation and that in nearly every case the librarians have the translation and not the original.

To have a clue to books other than purely belletristic, I included two names which seem to be particularly favored at present, Keyserling and Ludwig. The results have been interesting. Three librarians put Keyserling at the head of the list for popularity, two others assigned that place to Ludwig. For second place Ludwig received a plurality with nine votes, Keyserling coming next with eight. Keyserling's showing among the ten was excellent: he comes second on the list with a ratio 4.63—a testimonial to the serous tastes of our reading public that as astonishing.

The real sensation of this bit of research was the confirmation of the Jakob Wassermann craze. How much of his popularity must be attributed to circumstances and how much to merit, is a nice question. No other writer remotely approaches his record. The unanimity of opinion about him is itself instructive: out of forty-two possible votes for first place he received thirty-one, three times more than any other author received for any place. The situation is really unusual. I can think of no other foreign author who has so completely captured the American field as has Wassermann. How did he do it?

It is interesting to note beside this startling record of Wassermann the modest position of the *doyen* of German novelists, Thomas Mann. He has been before the American public longer than Wassermann, but being less of a fabulist, also less in the durance of "new ideas" and "modern thought," he plays not so much the rôle of an H. G. Wells as of a Thomas Hardy. There is nothing meteoric in the career of Mann—was not in its beginning and will not be in its close.

Such cannot be said of Toller, whose introduction into the United States by the Theatre Guild has been of little avail in getting him before the reading public. Toller was a phenomenon of the revolution, and as the revolutionary enthusiasm has ebbed, his significance and influence has gone out with it. On the other hand, Franz Werfel makes a much better showing. He should. Aside from the fact that he was also imported by the Theatre Guild he has little in common with Toller, being a figure of undeniable importance in German literature to-day. With us he is read more than Thomas Mann. He has more strings to his bow than the other writers on the list: beginning as a lyricist, a field in which he achieved distinction, he moved on in wartime to the drama, and latterly to the novel. Talented in all three lines, Werfel has made a name for himself which gives his every work a hearing, or, as the case may be, a reading. He is, however, a bit too impressionistic, too eccentric ever to become really popular.

Trailing far behind all the others on the list comes one of the greatest of them all, Rainer M. Rilke. This is not surprising. One could be sure without investigation that he would not be found among the well-thumbed volumes of the libraries. However, notices of Rilke's work having appeared not infrequently in our literary journals, I wished to test how far interest in his poetry had percolated among the rank and file of readers. The answer is clear: it has not percolated. A small volume of his verse in English which appeared some time ago has attained little circulation, so that one must really reckon the Rilke readers as German readers. But the bar of language is only one of the obstacles to Rilke's popularity. The lyricist to-day cannot compete with the dramatist or storyteller for popularity, and this lyricist has pitched his tent further from madding crowd than the most.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker is to sail from Europe on September 1. Inquiries should henceforth be addressed to her at *The Saturday Review*.

C. E. W., Pittsburgh, Pa., was so much interested in Llewellyn Powy's article on Anthony à Wood in an April Saturday Review *that he set his bookseller to turn up, if possible, anything of this writer's. The task proving too much for him, he sets it for the Guide, asking publishers and prices.*

"THE Life and Times of Anthony Wood" (1632-1695), edited by Andrew Clark from Wood's diaries and papers, is published in five volumes by the Oxford University Press; the first two are $6.75 each, the third and fifth $7, and the fourth $8. His famous "History of the City of Oxford," edited by Andrew Clark, is published by the same press (American Branch, 35 W. 32d St., N. Y.) in three volumes; "The City and Suburbs," with maps and diagrams; "Churches and Religious Houses," and "Addenda and Indexes"; the three cost $22.

The inquirer writes: "And if you meet up with Llewellyn Powys while you are in England please thank him for the delightful time I've had reading Tom Carryat and some of the other lesser known old boys that I became acquainted with through reading his 'Thirteen Worthies' several years ago."

C. H. C., New York City, asks for books dealing with publicity, propaganda, and public relations work.

THERE are fewer than one would think —unless it may be that specialists keep their technique to themselves. "Publicity," by Wilder and Buell (Ronald), is a discussion of the ways by which organizations or movements can win favorable public attention. "Getting Your Name in Print," by H. S. McCauley (Funk), is a small, practical guide by a newspaper man, telling what is printable as news and what is not, with special reference to professional men, clubwomen, and others with reason to look to the papers. "Crystallizing Public Opinion," by Edward Bernays (Boni & Liveright) is a valuable book on this subject, but it is now out of print; no doubt it could be obtained without much trouble. There are chapters on how to become a "publicity secretary" and on the handling of commercial propaganda, in "Writing and Editing for Women," a practical and comprehensive treatment of the subject by Ethel Colson Drazelton (Funk). "Publicity and the Public School," by Miller and Charles, is one of Houghton Mifflin's Riverside Educational Monographs; "Publicity for Public Libraries," by Gilbert O. Ward, is published by Wilson, and "Publicity for Social Work," by Mary S. and Evart G. Routzahn, by the Russell Sage Foundation. Possibly other titles will be sent in by readers.

S. V. M., Birmingham, Ala., asks for books on the American Revolution in the years 1776-1778, *especially the Trenton-Princeton campaign, and would be especially glad of accounts from the British side.*

"A BRIEF Narrative of the Ravages of the British and Hessians at Princeton, 1776-1777," edited by Varnum L. Collins, is published by the Princeton University Press; this is an interesting contemporary account. "The Battle of Monmouth," a vivid description of this critical engagement by the historian William S. Stryker, comes from the same press, which also publishes a pretty little illustrated book called "The Princeton Battle Monument and the Battle of Princeton," which includes with the account of the ceremonies of dedication the story of the famous engagement. "The Day of Concord and Lexington," by Allen French (Little, Brown), is a detailed account of all that took place there on "the nineteenth of April, 'seventy-five," and a great deal of what led up to it. "The Nineteenth of April," by Harold Murdoch (Houghton Mifflin), is another excellent work on this period.

"Letters from America: being letters of Brunswick, Hessian, and Waldeck Officers with the British Armies during the Revolution, 1776-1779," would seem to be just what this inquirer needs; it is published in a special limited edition by Houghton Mifflin for $7.50; the translation is by Ray Pettengill, and a few copies are yet to be had. This is as far as this department can go in the direction of sources, which must be sought in historical collections; the period in general is covered by Claude Halstead Van Tyne's "The American Revolution" (Harper); "The American States During and After the Revolution," by Allan Nevins (Macmillan), which traces the growth of government in each state and discusses their relation to each other and to the central government; John Fiske's "The American Revolution" (Houghton Mifflin); James Truslow Adams's "Revolutionary New England," which goes to 1776, and "New England in the Republic," from 1776 to 1850 (both Little, Brown); J. C. Fitzpatrick's "The Spirit of the Revolution" (Houghton Mifflin), based on original manuscripts in the library of Congress and giving valuable side-lights; and the celebrated "American Revolution," by William Lecky (Appleton), generally considered one of the most scholarly and judicious works on the subject.

A. L. R., London, Ohio, wishes advice on plays by present-day Continental dramatists, to be read by a study-club.

THE most significant writer for the stage in our time being, to my mind, Luigi Pirandello, I put his plays first (two volumes are published by Dutton) and first of them "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Little of the present-day drama of the vanguard in France has appeared in English ("Dr. Knock" and "S. S. Tenacity" being brilliant exceptions to this statement), and the student will be greatly helped in making selections for reading by John Palmer's "Studies in the Contemporary Theatre" (Little, Brown), a book that should be in every library providing for readers like this. Other countries are represented in Mr. Palmer's book, but the French dramatists he presents will be new to many, indeed to most, English-speaking readers. The plays of Jacinto Benavente are translated from the Spanish (Scribner, 4 vols.) and those of Gregorio Martiñez-Sierra, for which I have an especial liking (Dutton, 2 vols.). For a beginning I suggest the second series in each case. An excellent selection of plays by the Quintero Brothers has been recently published by Little, Brown; I am glad to see that one of them, "A Hundred Years Old," for which I have been shouting, is one of those on the list of modern masterpieces that the "Everyman Theatre" (London) promises to give next year if it should be put on its feet financially. The plays of Gerhart Hauptmann are published in English—almost as fast as they come out—by the Viking Press; the beginner should bear in mind that the earlier ones are more intelligible to an American reader, and that after "Und Pippa Tanzt" they are apt to be hard going. Those of Arthur Schnitzler must on no account be omitted; the volume taking its title from "The Lonely Way" (Little, Brown) has two other important plays, and "Anatol" with two others is in the "Modern Library." Fortunately for study-classes, a volume of the plays produced by Eva Le Gallienne at the Civic Repertory Theatre will be published by W. W. Norton in time for the opening of its third season. This contains "Hedda Gabler" in a new translation, Chekhov's "Three Sisters," Goldoni's "La Locandiera," and Gustav Wied's "2×2=5"; these have all appeared in English before, but it is convenient to get them in one volume with direction notes as used in these productions.

These suggestions are of course for those who read only English; I must, however, call the attention of those with any reading-knowledge of French to the recently published volume of "Proverb Plays" by Gerard d'Houville (Mme. Henri de Regnier). Ever since "La Nuit Porte Conseil" appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* ten years ago, I have been hoping that some art-theatre would take a chance on it; translation would be easy, and modern staging would do away with what were difficulties then. As for its effectiveness, you ought to see what it does just as a half-told "reading." The same is true of a remarkable drama by the Swiss poet, Widmann, "Maikaeferkomoedie," which antedated by several years Capek's "Insect Play" given on the New York stage. Widmann's play opens underground with the seven-year-locusts preparing for their long-awaited crusade into the world of free air and light: they reach it—and you know what happens to may-bugs. I know nothing more moving than this play as read, and the scenes it calls to the eye are so tantalizing to anyone with the stage in his blood that Dudley Tucker, the first treasurer of the Washington Square Players, was discussing with me the possibilities of arranging some sort of acting form for the play when he set out for France—to die in the air at the front, on his own crusade.

IN response to my call for books on book reviewing, Ruth E. Hammond sends me the bibliography used for the past two years in the library training class of the Wichita (Kansas) Public Library. There are three books: "Book Reviewing," by Wayne Gard (Knopf); "The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook," W. D. Kennedy and others (Writer): and H. S. Mallory's "Backgrounds of Book Reviewing." The magazine articles are: "Book Reviewing," by Robert Lynd, *Living Age*, May 15, 1915; "The Compound Review," *Outlook*, July 30, 1924; "Book Reviews," *Am. Journal Pub. Health*, Jan., 1925; "How to Review a Novel and Present It to Your Audience," M. L. Becker, *Fictorial Review*, Feb., 1925; "It Seems to Heywood Broun," *Nation*, April, 1928; "Motivation of the Book Review in H. S. English," B. Hartley, *Education*, June, 1925; "Present-day Reviewing," H. D. Haines, *Independent*, Nov. 17, 1910; "A Project for Seniors," G. Klein, *Nat. Educ. Assn. Journal*, May, 1924.

Ellen B. Frink of the Monterey County Free Library, Salinas, Cal., writes in praise of Wayne Gard's "Book Reviewing." I am glad to have the chance to speak of a new addition to this book shelf: "How to Criticize Books," by Llewellyn Jones (Norton), intended for anyone who tries to do it, whether professionally or in conversation. It will come to the aid of many readers who have written to me, who are really trying to develop their own faculty of judgment and would welcome advice. I must explain that the article from the *Pictorial Review* cited above was written for members of women's clubs given the duty of *viva voce* reviews, and that I make it clear that the methods of a review to be read aloud to an audience and one for the eye of a person with the day before him in which to read it, must be quite different. The article must have met some want, for I had four hundred and eighty letters about it.

I am indebted to Lesley Newton of the Lakewood (Ohio) Public Library for the list of "Pleasure Reading for the Teen Age" that is being given out there in a leaflet, to boys and girls leaving Junior High School. Some of it, they say, is "frankly bait," but that makes it all the better for this purpose. I suppose they would send it to other libraries on request.

J. D., Bronxville, N. Y., has been asked to suggest three books of poetry for light summer reading, and asks if the new one by Edgar Lee Masters could be taken for one of them.

IF light means easy to read, it is certainly not at all difficult to take in "Jack Kelso" (Appleton), but if light means merry and bright, I can think of several I would sooner choose for a cozy vacation hour. It is a rugged and often ragged dramatic poem, in which the brooding melancholy that walked at the back of Lincoln's brain becomes incarnate as Kelso: it is possible that it will be remembered less for Kelso than for one lyric, so beautiful that no future anthology can afford to leave it out. But in this instance I think that Samuel Hoffenstein's "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing" (Boni & Liveright) is clearly indicated; people will read these verses who believe themselves deaf to poetry, and find that they are in possession of a great deal they never bargained for. So they will with Dorothy Parker's "Sunset Gun" (Boni & Liveright), but by this time people are somewhat prepared for her, after "Enough Rope." For pure entertainment, deftly prepared, give me A. P. Herbert: I used to take "She-Shanties" about with me to the homes of my friends, read one aloud without being asked and all the rest upon insistant demand. His new one is "Plain Jane" (Doubleday, Doran). Don Marquis's "Love Sonnets of a Caveman" (Doubleday, Doran), have just been reprinted with some other favorites, notably the deathless "Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith." Arthur Guiterman has a new and amusing collection of "Wildwood Fables" (Dutton), with several that also come in handy for reading aloud to the young. This is by no means all the light verse we now have fresh from the press, and I am glad we are getting so much; there is no better lure for the general reader to accustom him to looking for joy in rhyme.

Prince Sixte de Bourbon, a descendant of the Marie Louise, Infanta of Spain, whom Napoleon installed as Queen of Etruria, has written a volume about that sovereign whose experiences held so much of tragedy. "La Reine d'Etrurie" (Paris: Levy), in addition to being the chronicle of an individual, is a vivid portrayal of the Bourbons of Parma in general.

Shall I Buy "BAMBI"?

This actual photograph was taken in The Beacon Book Shop, situated in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York. It was posed especially for an ad. But the scene has taken place countless times in this particular shop, as well as in bookstores all over America. Since it is impossible to photograph the questions and thoughts that arise in the mind of this man, let us imagine what some of them are, and answer briefly:

1 *Why is there so much talk about this particular book?* Possibly one of the reasons is that *Bambi* has been distributed to members of The Book-of-the-Month Club, who have started the talk. If one of your friends is a member ask him what he thought of *Bambi*. Another reason is that *Bambi* is altogether different from other books that have been published. A deer is the central character—which immediately raises another question:

2 *I never have enjoyed an animal story—how can I possibly find enjoyment in reading this one?* It is our belief that nine out of ten people feel exactly the same way before reading *Bambi*. In fact, the book was almost not published because the publishers' readers had no desire to wade through an animal story. Those who read *Bambi* will experience the same surprised delight that occurs upon meeting some congenial companion who had been dreaded in anticipation.

3 *What do the critics think of Bambi?* Although the space in this page does not permit the reproduction of even a few of the tributes, in our career as publishers we have never brought out a book that has met with a more universally favorable response. (A booklet containing some of the reviews has been prepared which will be sent post-free upon application to ESSANDESS, Dept. J., 37 W. 57th St.) Meanwhile, the man in the photograph is referred to John Galsworthy's foreword in the book.

4 *Why not wait and borrow a copy from a friend?* There is no reason why—in the advertising vernacular—"you must read this book tonight." It will be as enjoyable next week, or next year. By all means borrow a copy. If after reading it you feel that you want a copy of your own, you will find it a carefully and beautifully made book, printed in large type, and made to be enjoyed ten years hence as well as now. *Bambi* by Felix Salten is available at all bookstores, price $2.50. Simon and Schuster, Inc., Publishers, 37 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Points of View

"Not Even Critics Criticize"

The Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

A man of business who wants to say something about a book finds himself driven to ask for the use of a few inches in your correspondence page. I hope that some of this note will be allowed to appear in the *Saturday Review*, on the asseveration—I raise my right hand—that I am not acquainted with Mr. Thomas Beer or his publisher, am not in the employ of either of them, and would not know them if I saw them. About a week ago an English friend cabled to me asking for the American reviews of "The Road To Heaven" and a press cutting bureau has supplied me with forty-two specimens. As a good eighty-five per cent. American it makes me sick to have to export this load of rubbish as representing American literary criticism. I am merely a traveling salesman—(cement)—but at least I could have written an account of Mr. Beer's book that would have been—A.—Accurate. B.—Unpuritanical. C.—An attempt at reasoning out what this civilized writer is trying to say. I once had an attack of literary ambition and wrote to Mr. Beer asking his advice about undertaking a career. He answered laconically, "Louisa May Alcott told a youth who asked her the same question that he had better dig ditches first." This was several years ago, but the reviews of "The Road To Heaven" have finally convinced me that Mr. Beer knew what he was talking about. Let me try to state a case, as an unpaid volunteer, for Mr. Beer against his reviewers.

"The Road To Heaven" is described as a romance of morals on its title page. The story is pinned together about the personality of one Lamon Coe, a young man from Zerbetta, Ohio, who appears in the first chapter taking base advantage of a drunken boy in New Haven and practically stealing a handsome sum of money from him. Lamon's one passion is the idea of getting back to his father's farm in Zerbetta from which he has been chucked by his sour, respectable parent for an affair with a light-minded widow next door. He comes to New York with every intention of panhandling a wealthy cousin for board and lodging, and gets them. He is a consistent liar and something of a hypocrite, proud of his beguiling grin and just an inch or two above taking money from the jolly courtesan, Mrs. De Lima, who has a passion for him. Mr. Beer makes Lamon human and sometimes appealing where Mr. Sinclair Lewis would make him a zinc cuspidor. This appears to be a mistake on Mr. Beer's part. It seems that reviewers only know what you yell at them about a character. They don't follow the character's thoughts and actions themselves. So Lamon's morals do not interest the reviewers. Well, at the end of the story, scared out of his wits by the death of his mistress and his cousin, he bolts off to be petted by a shrewd little cat from his hometown who is shown in the second chapter as fully aware that he'll be a rich man when his father dies because the big dairy farm must come to him under the terms of his grandfather's will. Miss Parcher just grabs the boy by the neck. His cousin has left him some money. He goes home all whitewashed by a respectable marriage and Mr. Beer gives him a parting kick by having him meditate on how brave he has been in his troubles. Tersely stated that is "The Road To Heaven." I put down the facts of the yarn. Lamon is not wholly unlikable nor wholly base. His catfish bride says (chapter eleven): "He hasn't any morals, anyhow . . . . But he's fond of people. And if he's with nice people, he'll always be nice . . ." And that is that.

Now what do the reviewers make of all this? Eleven or twelve of them try to treat Lamon as a hero. Not one of them seems to suspect Mr. Beer of anything more subtle than a rather acid picture of New York's fatuous literary life. Lamon Coe as a brother of Tom Jones and Barry Lyndon does not seem to have entered their flaccid brains at all. Six reviews accuse Mr. Beer of providing a "happy ending" and one preposterous gentleman on a prominent New York paper tells us that Lamon "reforms." If he were put on the witness stand he could not show where Lamon of the first chapter alters throughout the book. Eight reviewers fall back on the dreary word "sophisticated" and Mr. Hansen covers himself with glory by shifting an image from the poetic meditations of Cousin Abner Coe to those of Lamon and then scolds Mr. Beer for something he never wrote! Mr. Hansen also tells us with regal assurance that an old lady who is up to reading the *Christian Science Monitor* and who has been a law clerk in a big office would never platitudinize about life being a "perfect pageant." Like most of Mr. Beer's reviewers he does not go to the trouble of explaining this gem of comment. He just says so. Only two reviewers in the lot notice that Abner Coe is quietly starving himself to death and such fine pieces of observation as Mr. Boscommon, the fake Englishman, and Frankie De Lima come in for a few patronizing words only. On the whole it is the shabbiest and least intelligent collection of commonplace hack writing I have ever run through on a hot Sunday morning, and I have to read trade catalogues and contractor's publicity by the ton.

The trouble with American criticism as I see it from the outside is simply this. The whole trend of "creative" writing since the war has been largely toward the big poster effects of such writers as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Dreiser. This tends to take the critics off their guard. They seem to expect, so to speak, that the artist will do all their work for them. Writers of Mr. Beer's stamp consequently get the worst of it. But it is curious to discover that if you get outside the pale of literary professionals, among people who read books because they love good reading, that his name means something where the names of ten or fifteen people treated with loving respect among reviewers mean nothing but a yawn or "Oh, that damn fool!" And now I shall give back this rotten portable typewriter to my host and go about my business.

A. C. HALES.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

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A Needed Bibliography

THE SOURCES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A Guide for Students (Sandars Lectures, 1926). By ARUNDELL ESDAILE. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan.) 1928.

Reviewed by G. M. TROXELL

THAT there has existed for years a definite need for such an outline bibliography of bibliographies as the present one has been only too apparent to everyone coming into contact with graduate students in English at the commencement of their work—self-confident, slightly superior in manner, and vaguely aware of the existence of libraries, such young persons find themselves eventually faced with the problem of extracting information from an endless series of cards arranged by author and subject, and designed—at least on the surface—for antiquarians with patience and elderly cataloguers. An imperfectly-remembered title is useless, while ordinary proper names fill drawers. The cry for help is instant and automatic.

It is a pleasure to find so intelligent and satisfactory a guide as this book by Mr. Arundell Esdaile of the British Museum. Mr. Esdaile writes delightfully, as if the use of lucid English were as essentially a part of his professional equipment as knowledge of bibliography and experience; and he makes out of a subject that seems in itself rather hopelessly dull a consistently interesting piece of work. One may regret the absence of a final summary identifying as fully as possible the works he has described in his text, but even that is a matter of personal disappointment—English students may reasonably be expected to make an occasional effort for themselves, while the general reader or book-collector will wisely take advantage of everything that may be depended upon to extend the limits of his information. To the latter class, the final section of the book, "Private Libraries and Sales," will be especially valuable from every point of view—in it Mr. Esdaile lists the most important English and American private libraries, commencing with the Lamport Hall collection of late sixteenth century poetry, and gives not only brief descriptions of the contents with notes of any existing catalogues, but indicates so far as possible what has ultimately become of them. But to have made available in one place so much specialized information that ordinarily is to be found only within the brains of the best reference librarians, and to have done it with clearness and distinction, is an achievement of which Mr. Esdaile may be distinctly proud—his book is consistently useful and interesting.

ON Monday, the 30th of July, the first part of the late Sir Edmund Gosse's library was sold at Sotheby's. This fact in itself is enough to arouse interest, but when one realizes that, in addition to the famous Westmoreland manuscript of John Donne's poems, one of the most important literary manuscripts of the early seventeenth century that has been preserved intact, and considered by Sir Edmund as his greatest treasure, he possessed two manuscripts and eighteen actual presentation copies of Thomas Hardy's books—"actual" in the sense that Hardy himself gave them to Gosse at the time of their publication, instead of signing them later as Meredith did with many of Clement Shorter's copies—interest becomes largely a matter of hysterical excitement.

The books in the present sale may be divided roughly into four large classes: (1) eighteenth century; (2) nineteenth century; (3) presentation copies from notable writers of the past fifty years; and (4) manuscripts.

1. Fielding's "Joseph Andrews," 1742, "Tom Jones," 1749, and "Amelia," 1752; Boswell's "Life," 1791; Chatterton's "Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin," 1772; Collins's "Oriental Ecologues," 1757, first edition with this title, untrimmed copy; Gray's "Odes," 1757; Dr. Johnson's "London," 1738, "Irene," Dublin, 1749, "Vanity of Human Wishes," 1749, and Fanny Burney's copy of the "Rambler"; Richardson's "Clarissa," 1748; the six Smollett novels together with his "Regicide," 1749; and Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," 1768.

2. Matthew Arnold's "Alaric at Rome," 1840; Edward Fitzgerald's "Salámán and Absál," 1856, and "The Two Generals," 1868; "The Germ," four parts in the original wrappers; Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," 1850; Keats's "Endymion," 1818; Walter Savage Landor's "Poems," 1795, "Moral Epistle," 1795, "Gebir," 1798, "Idyllia Heroica decem," 1820; Tennyson's "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," 1830, "Poems," 1833, and "In Memoriam," 1850; and Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Brooklyn, 1855.

3. Sir James Barrie's "Tommy and Grizel," 1900, and "The Little Minister," 1891; A. C. Benson; Joseph Conrad's "Youth," 1902, "Typhoon," 1903, and "Nostromo," 1918; Walted de la Mare; Austin Dobson; a long series from Henry James, which, by curious chance, includes none of his finest novels; Oliver Wendell Holmes; Kipling; Andrew Lang; John Masefield; George Moore; Coventry Patmore's "Amelia," 1878, one of twenty copies printed in black letter; Dante Gabriel Rossetti; Siegfried Sassoon; Swinburne; H. G. Wells; and William Butler Yeats. The Hardys commence with "Far from the Madding Crowd," 1874, and include practically everything of importance.

4. Charlotte Brontë's "Friendship's Offering for 1829," two leaves, signed and dated; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "To Uvedale Price," three pages with an autograph letter to Sir Uvedale inserted, and the "Epistle to a Canary," 1837, six pages; Walter Pater's unfinished work on Pascal, eighty-one pages quarto; a few corrected proofs by D G. Rossetti of his own work, and the manuscript of his sonnet, "Czar Alexander the Second"; and Tennyson's "The Throstle," four stanzas on one page. The two Hardy manuscripts are the autograph rough draft of "Wessex Folk," twenty-one quarto pages and nine other pages of varying sizes headed in red ink, "First Rough Draft of some of the tales, afterwards called "A Group of Noble Dames," with a letter dated "18: 7: 1913" from Hardy correcting the statement about "A Group of Noble Dames" "when I meant 'A Few Crusted Characters'." The second, "God's Funeral," seventeen stanzas of four lines, four pages quarto, inscribed "To Edmund Gosse (to indulge his fancy that these sheets have value) July: 1913," is referred to in the letter accompanying "Wessex Folk" as "enough in itself to damn me for the Laureateship even if I had tried for or thought of it, which of course I did not . . . Swinburne told me that he read in some paper: 'Swinburne planteth, and Hardy watereth, and Satan giveth the increase'."

The prices paid at Sotheby's on the eighteenth of June for the Charlotte Brontë and George Meredith books from the library of the late Clement K. Shorter, editor of the London *Sphere*, are of special interest. A copy of the first edition of Meredith's "Poems," 1851, with the errata slip attached to the half-title, and the author's signature on the title, brought £134; "The Shaving of Shagpat," 1856, with an autograph letter inserted, £9. 5s; "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," 1859, with the upper portion of the title-page of the first volume cut away, and with an autograph letter dated 7 November, 1891, £16; "Modern Love," 1863, inscribed "Clement K. Shorter, George Meredith," £43; "The Amazing Marriage," 1895, inscribed on the flyleaf, £40. Charlotte Brontë's "The Violet; a poem with several smaller pieces. By the Marquess of Douro," 1830, the holograph manuscript of six leaves, together with one of the twenty-five copies of Mr. Shorter's facsimile reprint, 1917, brought £250; a similar manuscript of her "Translation into English Verse of M. Voltaire's Henriade from the French," 1830, six leaves written in a minute hand, with a copy of the Shorter facsimile reprint, £220; "Lettre d'un Pauvre Peintre à un Grand Seigneur," a manuscript

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on six leaves written on both sides, and signed, "Ch. Brontë le 17 Octr. 43," £120. The first edition of "Jane Eyre," 1847, rebound, with an autograph letter inserted sold for £24, while a copy of the second edition, 1848, in the original cloth, with the visiting cards of the author and her husband laid in, brought £28—the passion for original cloth, even though it may be of the ugliest Victorian coloring, seems never to lose its power. Among the other items from the same library were Kipling's "Tales of 'The Trade'," 1916, one of twenty-five copies privately printed by Mr. Shorter, £58; Shaw's "Fanny's First Play," 1912, with marginal comments in pencil by the author, and "Rough Proof—Unpublished" printed below the title, £42; and James Stephens's "Crock of Gold," 1912, first edition, £9, 15s.

In the same sale, but from another source, a beautiful copy of Christopher Smart's "Song to David," 1763, the exceedingly rare first edition, brought £700, while an inscribed copy of Kipling's "Departmental Ditties," 1886, with "The Common Room, U. S. College, with the compliments of the author," and manuscript notes by him explaining Indian words and phrases, brought £780.

A record price of £4,000 was paid for a copy of the Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896, one of thirteen copies printed on vellum in black and red, with woodcut title, and eighty-seven woodcut illustrations designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, and twenty-six large initial words designed by William Morris. The sale took place at Sotheby's on the eighteenth of July, with several Americans competing in the bidding. Messrs. Quaritch were the purchasers. In the same sale, a first folio Shakespeare went to Gabriel Wells for $12,000.

The sale at Sotheby's the twenty-sixth of July included a presentation copy from Queen Victoria to Charles Kingsley of "In Memoriam; a sermon preached in memory of the Prince Consort, Darmstadt, 14 December, 1864," "not printed for publication"; the page-proofs corrected by the author of Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Saints in Sussex"; and a hitherto undescribed issue of Trollope's "The Warden," 1855, original cloth, uncut, with brick-red end-papers.

RECENT DEALERS' CATALOGUES

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Contains Fernando Colombo's biography of his father, the Italian translation by Alfonso Ulloa, Venice, 1571, at £36; a fine copy of the "Nuremberg Chronicle," 1493, £125; several books from the Baskerville Press; Edward Hake's translation of the "Imitatio Christi," London, 1568, £63; and a collection of books by Charles and John Wesley. Rather specialized in interest.

P. J. and A. E. Dobell (77, Charing Cross Road), number 352.

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It is a long time since *The Inner Sanctum* was turned into a revue of revues. The spirit of *Show Girl* and the overtones of FLORENZ ZIEGFELD'S first essay in literary criticism suggest another violation of the Sanctum's time-hallowed rule against quoting what *Variety* calls "raves."

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FELIX SALTEN *at times suggests* JOHN BURROUGHS; *at other times,* SETON, *and then with passages of swift moving, descriptive action he brings to mind* KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOKS. *Despite this, he retains a sharp and pungent flavoring all his own, for the printed page fairly reeks of pine needles and the reader hears the strumming of sharp-shod feet along Woodland trails.*
—THE ALBANY KNICKERBOCKER PRESS

Whenever a book becomes a best-seller, friends of *The Inner Sanctum* invariably ask what the author is going to do with his prodigious royalties. Usually *The Sanctum* knows, but the secret is inviolable. In the case of *Show Girl*, however, the intimate details can be divulged:

J. P. McEvoy is going to plow his *Show Girl* profits right back into the fertile if somewhat fickle soil of Broadway, by producing himself a second edition of his own revue, *Americana.*

It looks like a McEvoy year, with *Bambi* supplying the Felix Salten of the earth, and the publishers continuing to make whoopee at a stag party.
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THEY'VE started one again. No, not a cross-Channel swim, or a Balkan war, but a Book Club. It's not only another, but it's another of another, if you can understand our phraseology, which means to imply that though there's a Crime Club this is a Detective Story Club. It goes by that name, and it's incorporated, and has offices at 11 East 44th Street, New York, and its plan is to send one selected book each month to the subscribers. The selection will be made from the books of all publishers, and it things go on as they have been going there's little likelihood of finding any publisher without a mystery tale to submit. We've been waiting expectantly for a university press to publish a detective story written in the time of Archimedes and now reissued in deference to the interest in such literature among the highbrows. But to return to the Detective Story Club, Inc. Its selection committee is composed of *Carolyn Wells*, who has written some mystery tales herself in her day; *Edmund Lester Pearson*, who makes a hobby and a profession (not in the way of cracking safes, but by writing about it) of crime; *Francis Lewis Wellman*, who as former Assistant District Attorney of New York tried his best to suppress it; *William J. Flynn*, who in his capacity of chief of the United States Secret Service had a lively time pursuing it, and *Robert H. Davis*, columnist of the New York *Evening Sun*, presumably entitled to regard it with good humor. In addition to sending out a thriller the committee will issue a small monthly publication entitled *Secret Orders*. . . .

However, man cannot live by mystery stories alone. Occasionally some book of another kind must appear. As a matter of fact we've been privileged to see advance copies of a few recently that have filled us with so large an enthusiasm that we must communicate some of it to you without waiting for their publication. Anyway, in the case of the two we are about to mention we're not giving away any secrets, for they are running serially. One is Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," which the *Ladies' Home Journal* is serializing, and which Harcourt, Brace is to issue in the late Fall. Don't miss it when the book appears, for it has brilliance and interest, and good, solid research back of its vivacity to give it value. Strachey is one of the biographers who manages to be pungent without expunging the records, and who is in the tradition, though he has started a tradition. That is to say he is in the tradition of the historians who have espoused causes and hated their detractors and stimulated men's minds by their ability to recreate personality and situation in the vivid colors of life. . . .

The other book that is having publication in serial form is *Elmer Davis's* "Giant-Killer," which is appearing in *Collier's*. Or rather it's appearing there in part, but we understand that, instead of being cut for magazine publication in the usual fashion, what virtually amounted to a new and shorter version of the story was written. We read the galleys of the book as the John Day Company is to produce it, and we can vouch for it that it is a heat obliterator. At least we spent a blazing hot Sunday most enjoyably with the proofs before us and the Bible beside us, forgetting both that it was hot and how we hated to read proofs. We had the Bible beside us not because it was the Sabbath, but to refresh our memory of the story of David and Goliath which Mr. Davis was telling. He tells it in modern language, with remarkable fidelity to the Biblical narrative, and he certainly makes a corking good story out of it, even if that's all you ask of a work of fiction. But if you ask more, if you want an implied criticism of life and comment upon the human race and its unchanging variability and variable unchangingness through the ages, you'll enjoy the book even more than if what you care about is merely a historical novel. And there's a surprise waiting for you in it, though you may not be the traditionalist who looks upon David as a shining hero. There was at any rate for us. . . .

Speaking of the heat, as we were a few minutes ago, we came across a most encouraging item in one of the English newspapers the other day. We don't live in an admittedly tropical climate; still we feel cheered by the prospects of comfort held forth by the following paragraph:

It is announced to-day that complete success has attended the experiments which were recently being made at the small seaside town of Saint Servan, in Brittany, by the scientist *M. George Claude* on his invention for using the low temperature of the water at the bottom of the sea for cooling the atmosphere in hot climates.

The amount of ice per hour which can be made by such an invention—so it is said—is so enormous that it is anticipated that tropical life in civilized communities can be entirely revolutionized. M. Claude has already been invited by the Cuban authorities to apply his system at Havana. . . .

Mr. *Tom Davin* of the Macaulay Company informs us that his idea of an exclusive society is the Royal Archæological Society of Athens, of which *Captain A. H. Trapman*, author of "Man's Best Friend," issued by the Macaulay Company, is an honorary member. Only one hundred and fifty honorary members have been elected in the past twenty-five hundred years. It is the oldest society in the world, dating back to the time of Archimedes. There! Didn't we tell you we expected something to come from a publisher before long that could be traced back to the period of Archimedes? Well, here you are. . . .

We don't know how we'd like the pinnacle of loneliness such exclusiveness would bestow. But then we're in doubt about a good many things in connection with literature, among others its desirability. What can be done about a profession in which you read one minute of how *Austin Harrison*, the son of *Frederic Harrison* and a well-known journalist, who recently died, was told by *George Gissing*, when he imparted to him his desire to become a novelist, "It's the trade of the damned; far better be a crossing sweeper," and the next that the late *Stanley J. Weyman* left nearly £100,000, the bulk of it earned by his pen? According to a writer in a London weekly he left £20,000 more than *Dickens*, £40,000 more than *Rider Haggard*, four times more than *Marie Corelli*, and five times more than *Conrad*. The largest fortune left by any novelist was *Victor Hugo's* £300,000. That was the dead past, however. One living English author is said to be worth as much already, and three others to be probably not far behind. As to America— . . .

There's always the chance, of course, of making money in literature through winning prizes. For instance, you can make $250 if you design a jacket for the volumes in the World's Classics series issued by the Oxford University Press and it carries off the award in the competition just opened by that publishing house. If you are interested, and know how to draw, write to the Oxford University Press for particulars. . . .

Apropos jackets, we hear that *Sir William Orpen* has sketched the jacket of *H. G. Wells's* new novel, "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island." It depicts the central incident in the book, the Sacred Lunatic on a cannibal island. . . .

Now that we are back at English news again we stop to record the fact that an Oxford undergraduate who was hard pressed by tailor's bills endeavored to sell his soul to the devil. . . .

We give you for what it is worth the rumor that *George Bernard Shaw* has accepted an invitation to visit *Douglas Fairbanks* and *Mary Pickford* some time next year. We hope he'll stop in New York on his way and that his publishers will give one of those grand teas publishers are in the habit of holding to introduce their celebrities. We'd like to meet him, and see whether he wouldn't roar his New York public as gently as any sucking dove. . . .

Doves remind us that following a conference of missionaries and administratives officers in New Guinea, a grammar and dictionary of pidgin English are to be prepared. . . .

Undoubtedly you've had enough of us.

Good-bye.

THE SUBSTITUTE PHOENICIAN.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 74*)

THE HAND AND THE MIND. By *M. N. Laffan.* Dutton. $2.

AN ALPHABET OF AVIATION. By *Paul Jones.* Macrae-Smith. $2.

BUNDLING. By *Henry R. Stiles.* Harrisburg, Pa.: Aurand Press. Privately printed.

MUSIC: A SCIENCE AND AN ART. By *John Redfield.* Knopf. $5.

MONSIEUR CROCHE. By *Claude Debussy.* Viking. $2.

GOVERNMENTAL REPORTING IN CHICAGO. By *Herman C. Beyle.* University of Chicago Press. $4.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA. By *Glenn C. Forrester.* Van Nostrand.

MINIATURE BOAT BUILDING. By *Albert C. Leitsch.* Henley. $3.

A COMMENT ON THE COMMENTARIES. By *Jeremy Bentham.* Oxford University Press. $5.

A HISTORY OF WOOD ENGRAVING. By *Douglas Percy Bliss.* Dutton.

Religion

JESUS: A new Biography. By SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE. University of Chicago Press. 1927. $3.

PETER: Prince of Apostles. A Study in the History and Tradition of Christianity. By F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

PAUL: THE JEW. By the author of "By an Unknown Disciple." Doran. 1927.

The public is interested in biography, particularly religious biography. Sometimes real scholars such as Case and Foakes-Jackson accommodate themselves to the public by popularizing their stores of information, sometimes the need is met by men of literary skill, who use it, like Papini, in the interest of religious passion and sentiment with small regard for historical research, or, like the anonymous author of "Paul the Jew," with considerable attention to historical background.

Of the three volumes named above Professor Case's has greatest claim to attention from serious readers. It forms a good antidote to the sentimental vagaries of Papini's extravagantly overlauded impressionism. Case is a true historian, able to reconstruct the environment of Jesus's time, and wisely limiting himself to historical knowledge. The reader is expected to supply his own religious sentiment.

Foakes-Jackson deals with a subject worthy of the most careful critical inquiry, since all the authentic tradition we possess from the life of Jesus is either derived from Peter, or anonymous. Unfortunately the author is more intent on popularization than on scientific accuracy. He entertains more than he instructs, permitting himself (in spite of frequent non-committal reservations) more than one statement scholars would scarcely expect from the editor of "Beginnings of Christianity." It is not necessary to construct a compendium like Shotwell's "See of Peter" in order to combine readable simplicity with critical discrimination.

The anonymous author of "Paul the Jew" does not pretend to offer more than an imaginative sketch, but his anonymity does not hide the reality of study, while the freedom of fiction allows full play to sentiment. Romance of this sort is worth while.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By *Jonathan Rigdon.* Published by the author, Danville, Ind.

JESUS AND THE PHARISEES. By *Donald W. Riddle.* University of Chicago Press. $2.

FUNDAMENTALS OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. By *George L. Clark.* New York: Mathers.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY BIBLE. Edited by *William Barrett Millard.* Chicago: Buxton, Westerman.

CHRISTIANITY IN SCIENCE. By *Frederick D. Leete.* Abingdon. $3.

THE GOSPEL FOR ASIA. By *Kenneth Saunders.* Macmillan. $2.50.

THE WARS OF THE GODLY. By *Reuben Maury.* McBride. $3.50.

THE BIBLE UNDER FIRE. By *John L. Campbell.* Harpers. $2.50.

MINISTERIAL PRACTICES. By *Cleland Boyd McAfee.* Harpers. $2.

THE SCANDAL OF THE CROSS. By *Edwin McNeill Poteat.* Harpers. $2.

THE TECHNIQUE OF PUBLIC WORKSHOP. By *J. Hastie Odgers* and *Edward G. Schutz.* Methodist Book Concern. $2.

THE COMPLETE SAYINGS OF JESUS. Assembled and arranged by *Arthur Hinds.* D. H. Pierpont & Co., Williamsburgy, Mass.

CONCERNING THE FAITH. By *Joseph M. M. Gray.* Abingdon. $2.

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Anthologies

By ANNIE STOKES

AN end will come to the making of anthologies only when the world—the American world in particular, where they are so widely read—shall have attained a state of placidity. A group of selected poems for children, all bearing upon a given topic, is in the nature of a time-saver. This is the obvious reason for the success of children's anthologies. The quality of the material is a reflection of the taste of the compiler. To justify its existence, in the face of competition, a new collection of poems must fill two requirements: first of all it must eliminate hackneyed verse that has come down through the years carelessly, verse that does not measure up to the requirements of this generation of poetry makers and lovers in directness of form and in freedom from sentimentality and neurotic emotionalism. The next requirement—and a very positive one—is that the collection shall include much that is new and fresh, whether found in the less well-known writings of established poets or selected with discrimination and a fine sense of value from the works of recent writers.

That the book may attain cohesiveness and form, the selections must be appropriate to the subject, age, or period chosen. To accomplish this presents no difficulty when a definite time limit is placed by the title itself as "English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century." When, on the other hand, the compiler has so elusive an element to deal with as the intellectual powers and collective interests of children of certain age groups, he has set for himself a double task; he must know not only the literary material which he is handling, but also the audience for which he is preparing it.

The criticism has been made that anthologies are nothing more than scrap books in print, a miscellaneous lot of selections which happen to appeal to the compiler. It cannot be denied that some anthologies deserve to be placed in the scrap-book category. Yet because of these delinquents, all cannot be condemned. Beginning with Palgrave and coming down to recent publications, we have a group of books which could not be dispensed with without a serious loss to teachers, to students, and to a large number of book lovers who want quick access to what is always good in literature.

And for boys and girls who are making their first contacts with poetry, a good anthology is nothing less than a revelation of the joy that is theirs for the seeking.

Children's Bookshop

THE CHILDREN'S READING. By FRANCES JENNINGS OLCOTT. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by MARION C. DODD

WHAT mother (of those who put any time and thought upon their children's reading) has not in some obscure corner of her desk or drawers a certain dog-eared set of papers, bound together, but always disintegrating? Upon investigation they will prove to be a collection of lists of books for children, saved at odd times from sundry sources and meant for varying ages and seasons. When occasion arises for a new selection of reading-matter, Mother looks for the floppy set of lists, finds them if she happens to be a sufficiently orderly mortal, searches them for the age or season or subject she wants, and then sets about weeding out duplications or contradictions. With good luck she arrives finally at satisfactory conclusions, if she allows plenty of time.

But good news for her is forthcoming. In a neat compact volume Miss Frances Jenkins Olcott of the Children's Department of the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh has compiled a mass of the type of information hoarded in these various lists, with much more for which a book naturally provides convenient space. It is a revised edition of an earlier work, but on account of the amplification of subject-matter and the addition of hosts of good books which have appeared in the fourteen-year interval, it takes a position of new and individual importance. In addition to the lists with their accompanying brief descriptions, there are thoughtful chapters upon various phases of the general question of children's reading. The selection of subjects for the lists (with age indications and many cross references) seems unusually generous and satisfactory. For example, biography, readable history, religious books, and good fiction are not always covered by really good suggestions, as they are here—and in good measure. The author's ideals are extremely high; but she feels sensibly that it is useless to analyze and condemn the marked effects of either bad or merely poor reading without presenting the natural and obvious cure.

It can be recommended to any mother to put this convenient little book upon her handy shelf beside—probably—one upon physical hygiene and one upon mental, and feel then that her working equipment has an excellent first-aid beginning.

Reviews

STORIES: A LIST OF STORIES TO TELL AND READ ALOUD. Edited by MARY GOULD DAVIS. New York: New York Public Library. 1927.

Reviewed by ESTHER JOHNSON

HERE is a list of tales, with annotations by Mary Gould Davis, Supervisor of Storytelling in the New York Publib Library. It is a list so charged with the joyousness of childhood's response to stories that every amateur will long to try his skill. For that deep-rooted instinct to hear and to tell stories persists. Children still beg for just one more, as doubtless they begged in tribal days. In this city offering the greatest variety of mechanical contraptions for their diversion, children will not be satisfied with synthetic substitutes. It is easier to take a child to the movies or to buy a victrola record than to tell a story, but when children prefer pure art, fathers and mothers will not abandon it.

In New York City, all children, but few adults, know of a certain band of wandering minstrels that pass on the tales that are the heritage of the race. Almost every branch of the New York Public Library has its storyteller or borrows one from another branch, and has its retreat—sometimes no other than the boiler-room in the basement—for the group of children that gathers weekly. The tradition of story-telling in the libraries has grown for twenty years, building up a depository of sturdy and beautiful tales that have been enjoyed by the children of the city. The most polyglot childhood in the world has approved the stories on Miss Davis's list—drawn from the life experience of all races. The storytellers of the New York Public Library have changed during the twenty years since Anna Cogswell Tyler began to tell stories, and the boys and girls who heard those tales are probably passing them on now to their own children. But new storytellers, bringing in new ideas, are still conscious of the lively interest of New York children in old folk and fairy tales. Each storyteller selects her tales because they relate to her own experience or inheritance.

"The group of hero stories is small," says Miss Davis, "because more than any other the hero story owes its success to the knowledge and ability of the storyteller. No story has been given here that has not stood the test of the children's interest and approval. The lisa has been made by the storytellers, but it has been endorsed by the boys and girls."

And so it is a list entirely without the note of didacticism. Some of the tales listed are joyous ones, some are tinged with the melancholy that children cherish, some are heroic. None is pedantic, none is dully informative, none is patronizing. Hans Andersen and Carl Sandburg, Kipling and King David, Lewis Carroll and Edmund Spenser, with a multitude of others, remote or living, are listed here because the children of New York have enjoyed them.

I do wish the book could be more advertised and more widely known and that it may be added to from time to time. I find that very few people know of its existenc eand those I have told of it have spoken of it with praise always.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF THE SEA. By T. C. BRIDGES. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ALFRED F. LOOMIS

A VAST subject, the sea, and one which *piques the curiosity of every child.* Whole libraries, into which young people do not care to dig, have been written about the bottom of the sea, the currents that trouble it, the creatures that live in it, the ships that sail on it, and the winds that ruffle its waters. But here, in the short compass of 268 pages, Mr. Bridges has given the gist of all these matters in a style so easy that facts read like fiction.

Of all the chapters the one, I think, which hit me hardest was the one on sea serpents. Hitherto I have been able to take my sea serpents or leave them alone. But Mr. Bridges gives me sworn statements of officers in His Majesty's service and in the service of the United States Government who have seen sea serpents. In calm weather, broad daylight, and the utmost sobriety on the part of observed and observers, snakes have swum past men-of-war at a speed of fifteen knots, displaying fifty and sixty feet of their length—exhibiting six-foot heads with cavernous maws, dorsal fins fifteen feet high, worm-like tails forty feet long and as thick as a barrel. Sceptics will say that the absence of tangible proof of the existence of sea serpents is proof enough that they don't exist. But I am ready to accept the documentary evidence offered by the author. Other creatures of the sea which have actually been caught, photographed, and stuffed are so monstrous that they stagger the imagination. Once staggered by the *Eupharynx Pelecanoides* (for instance) whose "long, thin, snakelike body ends in a perfectly enormous head with a gape that would shame a boa constrictor," whose "jaws are armed with needle-like teeth recurved like serpents' fangs," and so on—once staggered, I say, by this hideous nightmare the imagination need shy no longer at the sea serpent.

Almost equally absorbing are the chapters on the development of boats and ships. In coming to the steam era I was amazed (as I have frequently been by the selfsame fact) to read that in 1869 the Atlantic was crossed in less than eight days. That was fifty-nine years ago, and how many of us nowadays cross as quickly? There are vessels whose number you can count on the fingers of two hands that make the transatlantic passage in less than a week. But for each of these there are a dozen advertised as eight-day boats—and these, as we find to our sorrow after we have sailed, actually make the run in nine days.

Of whaling, and light-houses, and pirates, and fisheries the book gives valuable information, while not failing to make awesome mention of derelicts and meteors, and water spouts, and other dangers of the deep. But it has, I regret to say, its misstatements and inaccuracies. In the interesting chapter on the sea's erosion of the land, for example, the gradual attrition of certain chalk pinnacles at Swanage, England, is mentioned, and the cautious opinion is expressed that some readers will live long enough to see the total disappearance of these "Old Harry" rocks. But the fact is that Old Harry's unfortunate wife disappeared before the book was published and the lonely widower whom I last saw in August, 1927, is tottering to melancholy decline.

With pardonable patriotic fervor Mr. Bridges informs us that the Bayeux Tapestry may be seen in South Kensington Museum. Almost everything else of historical value may be seen in that fascinating building, but it is wrong of the author to tell children to look there for the Bayeux Tapestry. I can see the little dears spending untold sums on steamship tickets to Southampton, railroad tickets to London, and bus tickets to South Kensington, when all along they should have been turning their eager faces toward Bayeux.

Were I a boy in the first flush of my worship of Paul Jones I am sure that I should resent Mr. Bridges's treatment of him. The book informs us that the privateer's "real name" was John Paul, that in boyhood he was unruly and constantly in trouble, and leaves us to infer that he adopted the name Jones as an alias—quite omitting the gracious reason for the change of name. Having told us this little, the author then cavalierly persists in speaking of our naval hero as Paul, and whether he intends Paul to be his first or his last name I cannot tell. If the former I call it unwarranted familiarity, if the latter uncivil contempt. Other of our national idols may be bearded or pulled off their pedestals without remonstance from me. But I must have the name of John Paul Jones treated with the respect which is merited by his phenomenal abilities as a sailing and fighting man.

However, my annoyance in these small matters does not detract from my general admiration for "The Young Folks' Book of the Sea." Children cannot begin too early to learn about the sea and yearn for it. Here, with numerous pictures and in a style which is simple and appealing they will get its history along with its atmosphere, mystery, and the hint of its tremendous allure.

GOOD BUT FORGOTTEN

Do any children nowadays read, or even know of Lulu's Library? Those four (wasn't it four?—it may have been six) little volumes were to me a mine of delight. Not even the Blue Fairy Book, or the Red, Yellow and Pink—I devoured them all;—not even Grimm's marvellous tales (in a cheap edition, without pictures, so that I was able to imagine it all just as I wished it); or "Anne of Geierstein" when it chanced to fall into my hands, had the fascination for me that these fairy tales written by Louisa Alcott possessed. I do not think that I was an unduly moral child; in fact certain recollections seem to prove that while I knew right from wrong I declined to be bothered by the distinction, but how I loved these moral tales! The charm lay, I think, in the fact that the children were all so human; they were so like myself; the fairy magic was happening vicariously; but often, so strong is the power of a child's imagination, almost actually, it seemed, to myself—not to some beautiful princess in a distant land.

It may be that modern psychology condemns these tales of good always rewarded and bad always punished or it may be that modern children are different (but I don't believe that they are). I think there are still hundreds who would wander with joy over the candy country, and wish with all their hearts that they might find some fairy shoes in which they could never do wrong.

LUCY T. BARTLETT.

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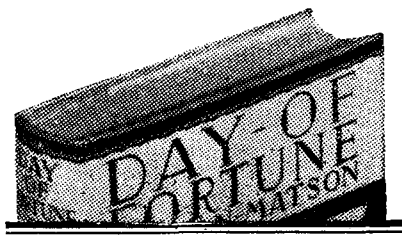

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